

MB

THE GATEWAY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE STUDENTS' UNION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

VOL. XXXVI, No. 7.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1945

EIGHT PAGES

Calgary Branch U. of A. Enthusiastic

Proclamation

To All Whom It May Concern

WHEREAS the constellations are moving towards the propitious arc of this mortal coil, and whereas under which arc the time will soon be most favorable for following the traditions and customs of Waw-Waw:

THEREFORE, be it known that the Minister of Feminine Affairs doth hereby make notice that in this month of November, Friday, the 16th, and Saturday, the 17th, shall be proclaimed as Waw-Waw Day, and that up to and including midnight (23:59 hrs.) of that auspicious day, no mere male shall dare to dominate or date any or all members of the female species.

It shall be woman's prerogative, irrespective of age, personal attributes, sex appeal, pecuniary endowments or any mechanical conveyance, to draw a bead on some gorgeous or otherwise hunk of man, and thereupon pursue, phone, "coke," and indulge in the terpsichorean arts; upon conclusion of which she must deliver said gallant to his own bailiwick, domicile, or establishment, not omitting to plant a soul-satisfying peck on his handsome beak.

And further take note, all ye who hope to lure some elusive collegian with your wiles and charms:

1. The law demands ye shall in no wise make yourself known by the telephone other than by the veiled name of Waw-Waw.

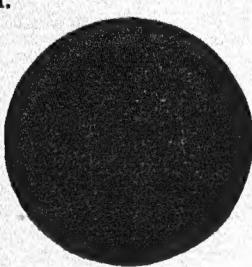
2. It shall be illegal and a violation of the majestic rites of Waw-Waw to in any wise subject your male to any pecuniary obligations (in other words, you pay the bill).

3. It shall be your solemn duty and sole responsibility by all manner of means to create and inspire in his manly breast such a tumultuous pounding that his cries of joy outcry those of other guys.

4. It is hereby decreed that no man shall accept more than one date for any one of the functions to be arranged.

In consideration whereof, all gals and guys as of this date shall commence casting speculative glances and strutting their finest feathers, so that all shall partake of the festivities of Waw-Waw Day.

In witness whereof, I, Donald Murdoch McDonald, Minister of Feminine Affairs, have hereunto set my hand and affixed my seal.



DONALD MURDOCH McDONALD.

Signed, published and declared by the aforesaid in the presence of us, all present at the same time and in his presence and in the presence of each other, and who at his request have hereunto subscribed our names:

DAISY,
JOE,
HAMFAT.

Calhoun Will Address Philosoph on Humanities

Is Calgary Librarian

On Wednesday, November 14, the Philosophical Society will present Mr. Alexander Calhoun, the Librarian of the Calgary Public Library. Mr. Calhoun's topic is Education in a Free Society, in which he will emphasize the importance of the Humanities in education. When interviewed, Professor Stewart, president of the Philosophical Society, said that this address will be topical in nature, as lately the Humanities have been overshadowed by the Applied Science subjects, especially during the war. As Mr. Calhoun is not connected with the University, he is expected to give a fresh viewpoint on the subject. It should be of interest to Education students especially.

Mr. Calhoun took Honors Classics at Queen's, and was a classmate of Dr. MacEachran, Hon. President of the Philosophical Society. He graduated in 1931, and instructed at the University for some time. He took a Librarian's course, and came to Calgary where he opened the public library over thirty years ago. The public library has served as an intellectual centre for Calgary, and has performed valuable service as such in the absence of a university.

Mr. Calhoun is a well-known public speaker, and is the first of a series from Calgary. The next one will be Mr. D. W. Clapperton, counsellor for the C.P.R.

Mr. Calhoun will be introduced by Professor Stewart. The meeting is in Med. 142 at 8:15.

CURMA MEETING

A CURMA meeting will be held on Tuesday, Nov. 13th, at 4:00 p.m., in Med. 158.

It is expected that Captain Harper Prowse, M.L.A., will address the meeting.

Note: The business part of the meeting will be held to fifteen minutes.

Everybody out!

LOST

Navy Pencil Case, containing pen, keys, purse, etc. B. Moore, 32220.

Scotty McLean Back On Job

Students were pleased recently to see Mr. Murdoch (Scotty) McLean, janitor-in-chief, back after almost six years of naval service as chief ordnance officer in this, his second world war. His only son, Murdoch (Jim), also was in the navy as a wireless telegrapher.

During his overseas service, Scotty visited with two of his sisters, many relatives and friends in Britain. Last year, in Newfoundland, he found himself in a fisherman's paradise. Trout trains there correspond to our ski trains. One novelty, Scotty experienced, was fishing for trout through a hole in the ice. In the summer the ponds display their trout in almost one hundred percent pure water.

Back to his old job, Scotty misses many previous members of the faculty. Five of his former staff are still here and two have returned from the air force. Scotty enjoys greeting his old friends among student returned men.

E.U.S.'ers, TAKE NOTE!

Students are requested to submit designs for rings, pins, crests for the Faculty of Education. Leave designs in the box which will be placed under the bulletin board in the Education rotunda. Get busy, E.U.S.'ers, 'cause there's a limit of Nov. 30.

Nov. 23rd, 24th For Interyears

Mark 25th Anniversary

The year 1945 marks the 25th anniversary of the Drama Club. This year the plays are to be presented on the 23rd and 24th of November.

The casts in the various plays have been finally decided upon, and they are off to a gruelling three weeks of rehearsals. The Freshman play, "The Jack and the Joker," is directed by Jean Ferry. It deals with early newspaper life in this province—they are selling Calgary lots as far north as Red Deer. The cast includes: Dorothy Williams, female lead; Emery Gruninger, male lead; Raymond Ferguson, Theresa Leconte, Gordon Peacock, Phyllis McLean and Pat Burns. The Sophomore play this year is "Johnny Dunn." It is directed by Alwyn Scott, with Betty Palate for assistant director. The cast, though incomplete, includes Lois Neilson, female lead; Charlie Petrie, male lead; and Pat Jevne and Celia Cockeram. The theme of the story centres around the "Biggest Liar in Alberta."

The Junior play, "Into Thy Kingdom," is being directed by Maurice Freehill with Elfrida Milbrad as assistant director. It is a story which takes place in Biblical times. The cast includes Orene Ross, female lead; Peter Petracchuk, male lead; also Dorothy Newton, Alta Mitchell, Albert Urschel, Bert Loree.

Barbara Fish is the director of this year's Senior play, "Three Hundredth Performance." It is a "psychological drama, taking place in a modern living room." In the cast are Dorothy Ward, female lead; Irving Lerner, male lead, along with Boyne Johnston and Stan Sawicki. Miss Fish's assistant director will be Margarette Fitzsimmons.

Every bit as important as the cast themselves are the unseen workers without whom production would be impossible. Among these are: Olga Hallina, costume mistress; Cecile Shaw, the property mistress; Wendy Teviotdale, backstage manager; and Alwyn Scott, the president of the Makeup Club. Working with the above mentioned names will be their various committee members. Assisting with the costumes will be Pat Jevne, Lou Downing, Doris Campbell, Jerry Snow, Mary Sheahan and Ellen Mortimer. The entire Makeup Club will be on hand to see to the makeup requirements. Jim Barton will be in charge of the lighting.

Of interest to students is the fact that the Drama Club will be presenting half-hour plays every second Monday over CKUA, beginning on November 12. Tune in Mondays at 7:30 for a half-hour's entertainment.

Club members note with interest that guest speakers will be heard more often. Lon McAllister spoke on October 30. He will be followed by Edmonton's own famous playwright, Gwen Pharis Ringwood. Mrs. Ringwood will address the club on November 7, her topic dealing with "Stage Productions."

Furthermore, a start has been made regarding Intervarsity drama competitions. Both U.B.C. and U. of S. approve of the "Drama Festival" idea. The plan is waiting for official approval, and is as yet in the formulative stage.

As a fitting way of celebrating its 25th anniversary, the Drama Club this year has become a regular bee-bee of industry, and appears to be one of the strongest clubs on the campus.

UNIVERSITY PROGRAMS

November 12—

7:45—Chimney Corner: reader, Prof. F. M. Salter, Dept. of English.

8:45—Varsity Varieties.

November 13—

7:45—Curtain Going Up: Mr. Sydney Risk, Dept. of Fine Arts.

8:30—Campus Musicals: Miss Mabel Powell, contralto, and Miss Marie Weir, pianist.

8:45—Behind the Headlines: Miss Nancy Davis, "The Search for the Japanese Liberal."

9:00—Citizens' Forum, CBC.

November 14—

7:45—Books at Random: Miss Marjorie Sherlock, Librarian.

8:45—Education for Tomorrow: Dr. M. E. LaZerte, Dean, Faculty of Education, "Today's Trends in Canadian Education."

November 15—

8:45—World of Science: Dr. O. J. Walker, "Chemists in Warfare."

9:00—Drama, CBC.

November 16—

7:45—Chimney Corner: Miss Zella Oliver, Faculty of Education.

8:45—Alberta Stories: Mr. Philip Godsell, Director, Local Folklore and History Project, "The Law Goes North."

November 15—

8:45—World of Science: Dr. O. J. Walker, "Chemists in Warfare."

9:00—Drama, CBC.

November 16—

7:45—Chimney Corner: Miss Zella Oliver, Faculty of Education.

8:45—Alberta Stories: Mr. Philip Godsell, Director, Local Folklore and History Project, "The Law

Goes North."

Students, if you are free from

classes at 1:00 o'clock any afternoon

from Monday to Friday, and within

reach of a radio, tune in to CKUA

for an hour of recorded good music

in The Music Lover's Corner. And

remember, at 7:00 too, each week-

day evening, the Musical Hour brings

you the very best in recorded classi-

cal music. Keep these two hours in

mind—1:00 and 7:00 o'clock each

day, Monday through Friday.

BACK FROM CALGARY



KAY PIERCE

B.C. Establish Medical School; Get Govt. Grant

Vancouver, Oct. 26 (CUP)—Secretary Pat Fowler of the Munro Pre-Med Society had good news for University of British Columbia students: of the five million dollar government grant, U.B.C. has appropriated almost two million dollars to the establishment of a school of medicine. Able to accommodate fifty students, it is expected to be open for the 1947 session.

The new organization will swing into action with the first S.C.M. night on Thursday, Nov. 15, in St. Stephen's College at 7 o'clock. Study groups already functioning are "Toward an Intelligent Christian Belief" with Dr. Thompson in charge, and "Jesus as Teacher" with Dr. Sheldon in charge.

A membership drive is under way to ascertain the total number of students interested and to assure the speaker and program committee of an audience that is large enough to be worth while.

The new organization will swing into action with the first S.C.M. night on Thursday, Nov. 15, in St. Stephen's College at 7 o'clock. Study groups already functioning are "Toward an Intelligent Christian Belief" with Dr. Thompson in charge, and "Jesus as Teacher" with Dr. Sheldon in charge.

The general meeting will hear Dr. A. J. Cook deal with "The Limitations of Quantitative Thinking." Dr. Cook will show how a purely scientific approach and explanation is somehow not quite adequate in meeting with the social problems of today. Opportunity will be offered for questions and discussions.

Frosh Election November 16; Interest High

By Lorraine Skeith

Only a few facts are known regarding the loss of the loving-cup won fair and square by the Aggie delegation to the Saturday football parade. It is known that it was presented by President Ron Helmer to the victors on the playing field at Clarke Stadium. As Aggie President Bud McGinnis announced to the breathless, inquiring circles of Press representatives, "We cannot deny that we've had it."

Herewith follows a description of the trophy: acute loving-cup mounted on an ebony base; one handle missing, even as early as the time of presentation. The cup may be said to have a distinctive bowl shape, tending to a flat bottom. The color was unusual and unmistakable, a baby blue. The outer surface was trimmed with delomianas in the design of dancing bears, each following the other, nose to tail, around the outside. It is clearly hoped by the despoiled that the cup is receiving good care in the hands of the new owners in order that the one remaining handle be not broken off like the first. Whatever one may say about the carelessness of the winners in losing a trophy so quickly, one must admit that they are united

now in desiring the best for the cup.

Much as they would like to hold the cup once more, their spirit is not

settled.

Witnesses become confused when describing what actually happened. It is said that a mass of big, burly bodies surrounded the lone guardian of the precious package, wheeled it out of him, hastily improvised a bucket brigade, and snappily passed the stolen article from hand to hand to the top of the grandstand. Here the stories become clouded. Was it dropped down to a lone accomplice outside the stands, who disposed of it neatly? Or was the strong-arm squad thoughtful enough to provide a circle of visiting firemen, won over by the workings of mob enthusiasm, to catch the thing as it dropped? One feels that the Mayor would hurry to deny the latter theory. Yet it is certain that it was whisked away in a car which had been waiting in an idle engine. Where did the car go? Nobody knows; cars can be lost so quickly when one is on foot.

Where is the cup now? Has some child been presented with it, that he may use it for a plaything? So deep is the mystery that wild guesses are in order; perhaps even now it graces the mantelpiece of some far-off miner in St. Joe's.

Every loyal student of our University should take it upon himself to do all he can to help the angry Aggies; he should carry to them any rumors which may serve as a foundation for investigation; above all, he must show them he sympathizes with the mantelpiece of some far-off miner in St. Joe's.

Guest speakers, their friends and members of the clubs went to St. Joseph's College library for refreshments following the meeting.

FOUND

Fountain Pen, after rugby game on Saturday, between Drug Store and Tuck Shop. Apply at Switchboard in General Office.

Report on Southern Meeting Indicates Willingness Join Gateway, Yearbook

S.C.M. Announce Drastic Changes In Organization

New Schedule

The executive of the S.C.M. wishes to announce that a complete change in organization of the S.C.M. is being carried out with a view to increasing its effectiveness on the campus.

In order to integrate its activities and save students' time, a new schedule of activities is being drawn up. Henceforth S.C.M. activities will be concentrated on Thursday nights at St. Stephen's College. From 7:00 to 8:00 p.m. the study groups will meet. After the study groups there will be a general meeting of the entire S.C.M. body. This general meeting will take various forms. Part of it will be a business meeting to acquaint the membership with new problems and issues as they arise. Following the business meeting will be a program, in charge of the program committee, featuring speakers on some occasions, panel discussions on others, and open forums to give students a chance to express personal opinions.

A membership drive is under way to ascertain the total number of students interested and to assure the speaker and program committee of an audience that is large enough to be worth while.

The new organization will swing into action with the first S.C.M. night on Thursday, Nov. 15, in St. Stephen's College at 7 o'clock. Study groups already functioning are "Toward an Intelligent Christian Belief" with Dr. Thompson in charge, and "Jesus as Teacher" with Dr. Sheldon in charge.

<p

THE GAY OUTLOOK

Columnist for the University of Denver "Clarion"

Written after the third glass, when you see life in sharp black-and-white, and when the world looks gloomy:

You know, isn't progress wonderful! I mean, here we are, rational animals (that's what Aristotle called us, at least) and if it hadn't been for evolution we might still be up in the trees, swinging by our tails.

Isn't it great to be a human being, though, and have culture and civilization? Think of the poor monkeys; what a stupid life they lead; they just live, and leave each other alone. Why, those unfortunate beasts—our cousins, mind you—only kill when they're hungry. They've never heard of newspaper columnists, and singing commercials, and machine guns.

Some of the savage tribes in the South Sea islands are little better off. They had only spears and bows and arrows and were superstitious until we civilized them, drove their foolish notions from their minds and made them a present of the automatic rifle. Why, those poor primitives believe in co-operating in food-getting and other social functions, and they haven't yet discovered the refined fun of mass-extinction. Too bad that progress can't be universal. I bet if they had a lot of money to spend they wouldn't invest it sensibly in compulsory military training so we'd be stronger than any other nation so that other nations could spend a lot of money (sensibly) trying to be stronger than we are. They just wouldn't be able to understand that that's the way to keep peace, and that we should build bigger and better atom bombs and keep the secret to ourselves. But, then, they're so unintelligent! Why, they might spend that money on education and teach youngsters that the brotherhood of man is not a dream but a necessity, and that the way to get peace is to give all peoples a chance at self-government, a share in the economic goods of the world, and

try to get together and solve the causes of war. Ah, but then, they're not advanced enough in their civilization to understand the meaning of such profound statements as, "In times of peace, prepare for war; in times of war prepare for more war"—or something.

Really, the poor savages are little better off than the low-browed monkeys vegetating in the jungle. Those monkeys—and they are our cousins—have no law and justice, and therefore they don't know that it is right to cater to the privileges of the few and break up strikes because great men ought to be encouraged to get as rich as possible (and if a man like Roosevelt disagrees, he's a Communist). They have no morals and no feeling of responsibility, and therefore it's never occurred to them that it is all right for the world to indulge in the foolish luxury of pacifism until six million Jews have been murdered and the few surviving ones are denied a haven (and when a man like Truman protests, he is called a meddler). They've never heard that it is compatible with democracy to discriminate against musicians because they have dark skin—but then, they've never even heard of the D.A.R.'s. They have no religion, no governments—is it any wonder that these backward relatives of ours wouldn't know what to do with conscription if you wrapped it up in blue ribbons and presented it to them? They would be too dumb to understand that the way to get peace and world co-operation is to have a strong foreign policy backed up by a large military force with super-secret weapons. Of course, they wouldn't understand—they have never learned the fine art of speaking (they couldn't even define "semantics").

Poor savages—and even worse, poor monkeys: just living from day to day, with no culture, no progress. Sometimes I don't see how they stand it.

by PETER GAY

THE GATEWAY

CRISES

TRUTH AND POWER

For magic and applied science alone, the problem is how to subdue reality to the wishes of men... No doubt those who really founded modern science were usually those whose love of truth exceeded their love of power; in every mixed movement the efficacy comes from the good elements, not from the bad. But the presence of the bad elements is not irrelevant to the direction the efficacy takes. It might be going too far to say that the modern scientific movement was tainted from its birth; but I think it would be true to say that it was born in an unhealthy neighborhood and at an inauspicious hour. Its triumphs may have been too rapid and purchased at too high a price: reconsideration, and something like repentance, may be required.

—C. S. Lewis, *The Abolition of Man*.

BLOC

The American sphere of influence asserted in the Monroe Doctrine is this hemisphere. That policy has not lessened the independence of the twenty odd peoples it has helped to define. The Pan-American bloc did not involve conflict with British power on this continent, as it feared a democratic block of the West would involve conflict with Russia. Indeed, it was Britain who suggested the doctrine and supported it.

Russia Might Try It

It is open to Russia, without offense to the West, to apply the Monroe principles; to say that an attack upon any one of the nations within her orbit would be regarded as an attack upon herself. If Russia leaves it at that, it will be no obstacle to a larger international organization.

DISCIPLINE

How to induce young men to work in the colliery now that the old mining families are broken up and a feeling of responsibility for production will be the big problem of the Labor Government. Mr. Bullock, a Laborite himself, thinks that unless public ownership quickens this feeling the Government will have to impose a discipline private ownership could never sponsor. The one point everybody in this region agrees on is that the Labor Party has to make the mining program succeed. Its political future is tied up with it.

CONTROL

Though the sciences, infinitely praiseworthy in their individual fields, have equipped man with a control over the material world unexampled in history, the result has been economic disaster on an equally unexampled scale (and from which the individual cannot escape by his own will or exertion for science has tied him to the machine) and global war exceeding in its capacity for destruction and for the creation of human misery any other war. These disasters offset the increased well-being in material things made actual or potential by the advance of techniques, or the improved health and longevity made actual or potential by advances in medicine and prevention; for these after all are only of value if you are permitted by a reasonable system of society to enjoy them, or if you are not killed or maimed in a war about them. . . . Yet the scientific view of the universe, so characteristic of our age and historically its hallmark, is only one of many possible views. Some of its claims are doubtful, some dangerous, many altogether incapable of proof. An examination of its limitations in more detail may tell us why.

—Leslie Paul, *The Annihilation of Man*.
QUOTEUNQUOTE

Hoop League Makes Plans

Karl Erdman, newly appointed Manager of Men's Intramural Basketball, has announced that said league will be getting under way as soon as possible. All interested persons are asked to watch the bulletin boards for further news.

Last season the loop was made up of four teams, the Arts-Ed, Engineers, Aggies, and Med-Pharm-Dents. The Arts-Ed squad swept through the entire league schedule without a loss and outpointed the Engineers in a two-game total-points series to take the crown.

Tickets for the season's skating go on sale all Saturday morning in the Arts Rotunda.

LOST

A Campus "A" Card at first House Dance (banded in by mistake). Any one finding it, please call Dorothy Woodward at 73651.

FOR SALE

One Tuxedo, size 36, excellent condition, \$35.00. Phone 25245.

Training in wrestling for Assault-at-arms in Drill Hall.

Tuesday, November 13, 6:30 p.m.

Medical Undergraduate Banquet at Macdonald Hotel.

Tuesday and Thursday, 4:00 p.m.

Training in wrestling for Assault-at-arms in Drill Hall.

Wednesday, November 14, 8:15

Second meeting of the Philosophical Society in Med 142.

Alexander Calhoun, "Education in a Free Society."

Friday and Saturday, November 16 and 17

Waw-Waw Weekend. Daisies hunt Joes.

Saturday, November 10, 3:30 p.m.

Broadcast of football game by CKUA, Golden Bears vs. U.B.C. Thunderbirds at Vancouver.

Sunday, November 11, 10:30 p.m.

Memorial Service, Convocation Hall. Rededication of Organ.

Next-of-kin of men who fell in the First and Second Great Wars are invited.

THE CHIC SHOE SHOP

Men's, Women's Fine Shoes at Popular Prices

10366 Whyte Avenue

Basketball Schedule

Nov. 9, Friday—Varsity vs. Clippers (Varsity).

Nov. 12, Monday—RCAF vs. Vets. (RCAF); Division vs. YMCA (RCAF).

Nov. 14, Wednesday—Clippers vs. Varsity (US Air Base); Vets. vs. Varsity (US Air Base).

Nov. 16, Friday—Varsity vs. YMCA (RCAF); RCAF vs. Clippers (RC AF).

Nov. 19, Monday—Vets. vs. YMCA (RCAF); Vets. vs. Division (RCAF).

Nov. 21, Wednesday—Clippers vs. Vets. (US Air Base); Division vs. Varsity (US Air Base).

Nov. 23, Friday—Varsity vs. YMCA (RCAF).

Nov. 26, Monday—RCAF vs. YMCA (RCAF); Vets. vs. Division (RCAF).

Nov. 28, Wednesday—Division vs. RCAF (US Air Base); Clippers vs. YMCA (US Air Base).

Nov. 30, Friday—Varsity vs. Vets. (US Air Base).

Dec. 3, Monday—YMCA vs. Division (RCAF); Vets. vs. YMCA (RCAF).

Dec. 5, Wednesday—Clippers vs. RCAF (US Air Base); Division vs. Vets. (US Air Base).

Dec. 7, Friday—Varsity vs. YMCA (Varsity).

Dec. 10, Monday—YMCA vs. RCAF (RCAF); Vets. vs. Clippers (Vets.).

Dec. 12, Wednesday—Division vs. Clippers (US Air Base); YMCA vs. Vets. (US Air Base).

Dec. 14, Friday—Varsity vs. Division (Varsity).

Dec. 17, Monday—RCAF vs. Varsity (RCAF); YMCA vs. Clippers (RCAF).

Dec. 19, Wednesday—Clippers vs. Varsity (US Air Base); Division vs. RCAF (US Air Base).

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Box 35, University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta, November 5, 1945.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir—As I have been associated with many of the articles on music which have appeared in The Gateway this term, I feel constrained to write this letter to you about an article, "A Reporter Goes to the Symphony," which appeared in The Gateway November 2, in order to make it quite clear that I had no connection with this write-up, and to deplore the editorial policy which permits publication of such drivel. Not only has the person who wrote this article a poor command of the English language, but, as is quite evident from the glaring slips he made, his knowledge of music is of the most superficial sort.

(1) In writing of the rendition of Knipper's "Song of the Red Cavalry," he says, "Had the bass viols been more manifest, the resultant increase of depth and force in the musical sense would have improved the rendition." To anyone, it is apparent that "manifest" is not good English usage, and to a musician, "depth" and "force" just have no meaning here in any "musical sense".

(2) The writer of this criticism deplores the fact that Beethoven's First Symphony was performed in such a way that it lacked "the depth and charm so characteristic of its composer". Now, all commentators agree that Beethoven's First Symphony is not the least bit characteristic of him, but is patterned after Haydn.

(3) Again, the writer mistakenly quotes Mendelssohn as saying that he "didn't care much" for his own overture to *Ruy Blas*. Actually, it was the play which Mendelssohn did not care for, and not his own overture. This self-appointed critic also says that none of the principal themes in the work would "appeal to one's sense of rhythm." To anyone, it is apparent that "appeal to one's sense of rhythm" is, or how a baritone could be "over his depth", or what "repetitious pages" are, but I think that I have proved my point. There is no place in any newspaper for destructive criticism of this sort, and if any kind of constructive criticism is aimed at, it must be done by a competent person and one who does not hesitate to sign his name to his work.

Yours truly,
VICTOR E. GRAHAM.

ON ALI

Nov. 4, 1945.

Dear Editor:
I wish to express an opinion with regard to "Ali's" derogatory comments on the Edmonton Symphony concert which were published in last week's Gateway.

Roughly speaking, Ali gives the impression that he is a know-it-all on musical matters. If such destructive criticism of non-university presentation is to be again aired, would it not be advisable for the writer to at least get his knowledge of the classics a little clearer in his mind? One particular instance which I wish to refer to is his statement that, "It is enough," was from an operatic selection, whereas it was from Mendelssohn's *Oratorio "Elijah"* which can hardly be termed an opera.

The "A Reporter Goes to the Symphony" write-up seemed hardly a fitting subject for a student paper in view of the style in which it was written.

The writer's meager praise in his closing paragraph was hardly in keeping with the rest of the article.

In view of the fact that the Edmonton Symphony is still in its infancy, praise for the progress it has made should have been more liberal, rather than the condemnation it received at the hands of "Ali".

"DISGUSTED."

For Your Dancing Pleasure, Dance at

THE BARN

EDMONTON'S FINEST BALLROOM

Stan Fraser and His Gentlemen of Music

Every Wed., Thurs., Friday and Sat., 9-12

Trudeau's Cleaning & Dye Works

10050 103rd Street

Phone 23431

Remembrance Day

November 11

Poppies on sale as usual.

Give Generously

"Doesn't his voice just 'send' you?"

"Not as much as a Sweet Cap."

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"



Waw-Waw Weekend Declared; Open Season on all Males

Girls Take Over Dating Next Friday and Saturday

Daisy Maes, get ready, set and go. Waw-Waw Weekend has been declared. The official opening date has been set for November 16. Oh, happy day! Under the direction of Bud McDonald, plans are going ahead quickly for a program of events. This includes:

Friday—Tuck day. Cokes or coffee will be the order of the day (unless some cruel males decide to collect a few debts). In the evening a theatre party will be held at the Garneau. Some of the clubs will put on their annual Waw-Waw skits and other diversified entertainment.

Saturday—A surprise package has been planned for the afternoon. I won't tell what it is, but I know, and it's going to be fun. In the evening the House Dance will be turned over to the Daisy Maes, and are we ever going to take advantage of the fact. As the old saying goes, "Opportunity knocks but once a year—Waw-Waw Weekend."

Oh, man! Here, here. What am I saying? I mean, OH-H-H MEN! My days of seclusion are over, I'm going to ask each one of my dream men for a date. They may not all know me now, but they're sure going to know me after this—my one and only chance. Don't let anyone on in this, but I'm practising up on the sly. Every morning I sneak out into the cold, grey dawn and run around Pembina five times. Another week of this, and there won't be a man on the campus who will be able to escape my clutches. Am I going to have fun?

Does this sound wolfish? Don't be silly. It's just a female taking advantage of a marvellous opportunity. We'll show these slow men-folk just how the world would be run if it was turned over to female hands. Just watch our smoke on Waw-Waw Weekend! And I'd advise all L'il Abners to try something better than leaving receivers off hooks and barricading doors. We Daisy Maes are pretty determined. Even Ole Man Mose won't do any good this time.

But don't run too hard. Remember, there's a so-called woman shortage this year (personally, I haven't run across it, but who am I to argue with statistics?). So we'll be seeing you, men. Remember, "Ready or not, you must be caught"—and we're the ones to catch you.

First Prom Date Set For Dec. 1

The newly-elected Junior Class executive, consisting of President Wilf Ryan, Vice-Pres. Marg Lipsay, Secretary Harold Shannon, and executive members Nan McQueen, Alex Weber and Jack Randle, has announced plans for the Junior Prom. The dance, sponsored every year by the Junior Class, will take place Saturday, December 1, in the I.T.S. Drill Hall. Tickets will be \$1.50 per couple, and dress will be semi-formal. Once again, corsages will be taboo. Since this is the first class dance of the season, it should be one of the best, so watch the next Gateway for more details.

Her—I suppose all geniuses are concealed?

He—Some of them—but I'm not.

Sleigh Ride Held By Outdoor Club

The snow, ice and cold weather that have apparently come to stay for a few months may be unwelcome to many, but to the Outdoor Club they mean the beginning of winter activities.

Last Friday evening about seventy hardy individuals pulled on their warmest clothes and gathered in front of the Tuck Shop for the first sleigh ride of the season. The sleighs drew up, everyone climbed aboard, and so began a tour of University and Saskatchewan drives and the vicinity of the campus. Of course, no one goes on a sleighride expecting or intending to ride all the way, and so after the sleighs left the pavement the riders, in accordance with tradition, began falling off, running behind and (if they were fortunate) climbing on again.

After two hours of such strenuous activities, the sleighs stopped at the top of the ski hill, and everyone made their way to the cabin to relax, thaw out and enjoy a sing-song around the fireplace. A promising aroma of hot coffee coming from the kitchen added to the atmosphere, and the evening ended with a lunch that satisfied eager appetites.

Next House Dance Saturday Night

The Drill Hall will again be the scene of a house dance Saturday evening, sponsored by the house committee under the chairmanship of Paul McConnell.

Exceptionally good crowds have turned out for the first two house dances so far this term, and there doesn't seem to be any reason why the standard should not be kept up.

The time is 8:30, the date Saturday evening, Nov. 10; admission, per usual; and the crowd—should be—good.

JOKE!

I hate the guys
who criticize
And minimize
the other guys
Whose enterprise
Has made them rise
Above the guys
Who criticize.

Father—My boy, I never kissed a girl until I met your mother. Will you be able to say the same thing to your son?

Son—Yes, but not with such a straight face.

These Dresses Give a Smart, Casual Effect, on and off the Campus



Left to Right: Rayon Dance Dress, Wool daytime Frock, Jersey Skirt and top

Fine fabrics, fresh young colors, good lines, and clever style tricks are fashion headlines this season, and all four points are displayed in these clothes, designed for the young college girl, to give that casual, smart look.

If you rate an invite to the junior prom or the med ball (both coming up in November), the pale green dress at left should be just about right. It is made of faille rayon and has a long full skirt topped with sweater-knit bodice studded with sparkling embroidered birds. The short falter jacket is also embroidered.

Centre is a useful informal date or tea-time dress of spun rayon and wool. It has an intriguing cap-sleeve line and concealed front buttoning in the skirt. The sports ensemble at right consists of a plain jersey skirt with front fullness and side pockets and a pirate-striped, short-sleeved shirt, both made of tow rayon

CONCERNING CLOTHES

By Frances Kitchen

There are some girls who revel in dramatics, others are typical sport fiends, while the rest are interested in a little bit of everything. But all have a common bond—Clothes! What girl can ever miss an opportunity to glance at the array of fascinating new shoes, heels in or heels out, in a downtown window or to stand in awed silence while looking at that stunning coal black suit with the "cape" sleeves. No, girls will be girls—they just can't resist clothes. So mothers, have patience when the young daughter yells at the top of her soprano voice, "What'll I put on today?" or "I haven't a thing to wear!" You see, it make all the difference in the world if you feel well-dressed. Happiness reigns supreme and life is beautiful—but think what may happen if you don't feel this way.

Today's Campus Girl has already made a plan for her clothes during this semester, and the plan is being carefully followed right down to the last detail. Shirts and sweaters are a must. Colors are chosen so that one may change combinations at a moment's notice and thus increase the wardrobe. This year plaids are the rage. One smart-appearing girl came out on the campus recently wearing a bi-pleated shirt of Douglas Tartan (blue, black and green squares outlined with thin streaks of white), topped with a soft white wool sweater. American magazines are reporting of the "white collar" idea. Detachable collars of white pique, linen, or cotton are sold along with the sweaters and campus specialty shops are stocking up. The demand for really long sweaters is still very great, plus the new raglan sleeve and shoulder yoke appeal. Unusual colors are becoming much more common now that civilians are getting some attention from the manufacturers. Incidentally, how do you like "shocking pink"? This seems to be a color with a future, and certainly would be attractive for the new sweater to go with that shepherds plaid skirt.

New Features in Suits

Do you know that a smart suit builds up a broken down morale remarkably quickly? A lovely one of luggage tan gabardine with fresh green accessories breezed through the Arts Building round the other day, and everyone in range was lifted up a notch. The two-toned effect is quite the thing this season, and we guarantee a stunning result. The old question, "Who's got the button?" has been changed to "Where did you get all those buttons?" and thus we have a key to finding something different in trimmings. Last week a display window in a specialty shop featured a tailor-made black suit literally covered with buttons—down the sleeves, across the pockets and around the collar. Again, you just couldn't go wrong with plaid, and one of these days you're going to see plaid shoes advertised to match any suit you own.

Corduroy is better than ever. It's being used for bedspreads, draperies, upholstery fabric—oh yes, and also dresses. A two-piece of victory red should certainly be a knocker outer. Of course, few college girls neglect to have a wool dress in their collection. Now, here is where color really counts. We're only young once, so let's make the best of it.

Wauneita Men Set New Styles

NOTE: In last week's edition of The Gateway, in reporting the much-discussed Wauneita dance, it was stated that the men "wore the more conventional attire of the well-groomed male student." Feeling this an insult to the originality and taste of the campus men present, one of their number took notes on the costumes of some of the more strikingly-attired individuals, and this is what he discovered:

It is generally agreed that the girls who attended the Wauneita looked very pretty in their long, silken dresses of many colors and styles, but don't forget the men. The men were also dressed. The originality and smartness of some of the habiliments is worth noting.

President of the Students' Council, Ron Helmer, arrived in a light blue loincloth, knee length, with socks to match. He wore a waist length shirt of some sheer material and a brightly colored tie which was held in place with a shingle nail.

Jack Cuyler, Director of the Yearbook, was a trifle more soberly attired in a bright yellow zoot suit and red sox which blended into bright green shoes. He wore a very fetching shirt, purple in color, of a light lacy material with panels in the front. A neat little corsage of onions and forget-me-nots completed his ensemble.

CURMA pres. Ken Crockett was attired in knee length trousers of a strawberry color, which disclosed a shapely pair of calves covered in sheer red flannel. He carried a wrap of polecat fur. CURMA housing committee man Phil Le Scelleur was chic in a green suit with orange lapels. He wore a large bow-tie, also orange in color, figured with tiny elephants in the conventional greys and blacks. A pair of wooden haraches completed his ensemble.

Frost Commerce man Norm Smith wore pale-pink jodhpurs caught up fetching into knee length lumberjack boots which still bore the taint of the great outdoors. Farther up he wore a brightly colored plaid shirt open daringly at the neck. First year Artisan Ric Hislop was seen in Boy Scout shorts, dainty Army boots and sox, while a short taffeta shirt disclosed a comely midriff. His ensemble was completed by an evening wrap of some serge material.

Bill "The Urge" Boyar attended in a torso line hip-length hangover blue sheer net shirt in the natural consequences style.

Other ensembles worth mentioning were those of Claude May, who was wearing a tattle grey union suit.

Shrunken so as to be form fitting; Murray Stewart in a derscared beer barrel; and Colin Campbell clad in a retired South Chicago sewer pipe.

As the diffused colored lights played down over the floor and made it a shifting kaleidoscope of colors and patterns, more than one male was heard to say, "Fine dance. Glad I didn't miss this one. Whe-e-e!"

"Who are you writing to—a boy or a girl?"
"An old room-mate of mine."
"Answer my question."

LOST
One Campus "A" Card at the rugby game. M. Fitzsimmons, Phone 33414.

Blessed is he who has nothing to say and can't be persuaded to say it.

House Dance For Saskatchewan Attracts Record Crowd of 800

Another score up for the house dance committee for a very successful dance on Saturday, Nov. 3rd! A record crowd of over 800 was seen dancing to the music of Rod Cook and his band.

Highlife of the evening was the introduction of our Saskatchewan guests to the crowd, and it was gratifying to note that their talents do not stop at rugby playing. They seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves with their amiable partners from Pembina: Gwen Caverhill, Betty Gibbons, Adair Wheeler, Irene Edwards, Marguerite Lambert and Eileen Hart, to mention a few. After the introduction, the boys gave us their Sask. yell, loudly applauded.

It's rather interesting to watch the expressions on the faces of some of the more sedate dancers when, at the sound of a high C from a trumpet, hundreds of hep-cats get an electric shock and fairly ooze with rhythm. This is one time when the process of catabolism is thoroughly enjoyed. But when we were favored with a Viennese waltz, the table was turned, and while some were gliding gracefully along, the hep-cats were trying to fit a boogie-woogie step into Straus' three-four time—which is all in an evening's fun. Chocolate milk was served, and it really hit the spot.

Patrons were Dr. and Mrs. Rodman, Miss McIntyre, Col. Warren, Miss Launt, and Paul McConnell, of the house committee, was master of ceremonies.

With the Army Of Occupation

No. 7 Cdn. General Hospital, C.A.O.F.

October 10, 1945.

Dear Miss Patrick:

Just a note to tell you about my location, as I think it will interest you. As you can see, I now belong to the army of occupation at Sande, Germany, just about five miles from Wilhelmshaven. I hated to leave England in many ways, as I enjoyed my work there, and such a nice staff of cooks. But the Matron-in-Chief asked me if I wanted to come over here, and I thought it would be a good opportunity to see a bit of the Continent. We left England and came by boat, train and truck—a long trip but not too bad. The most interesting part of it was the twenty-four hours we spent in Brussels, where we spent most of our time window-shopping. We were amazed at the beautiful things in the stores—also at the terrific prices. We finally arrived at Oldenberg where No. 16 Hospital is, and stayed there a couple of days. One of the first people I met there was a cousin of yours, Major Lorne Patrick. He took several of us for a very nice drive—then to his Mess, and we had a very pleasant evening. I have seen him several times since then, but just to say hello.

After travelling for almost a week we finally got to No. 7, and it is certainly a beautiful spot. The hospital was built by the Germans, and I think was finished in 1941. It was built as a luxurious Naval Hospital, and that's exactly what it is. It is supposed to be a 600-bed hospital, but could easily accommodate 950 patients.

At present we have 630, so it is quite busy. It's a huge red brick building, or rather buildings—a very impressive looking place with lovely flower gardens around it. Inside it's very spacious. Each room has two or four beds; some as many as eight, but none more than that. All the kitchens, bathrooms, etc., are tiled. I've never seen as much tile in my

Teachers Meet, Appoint Reps.

The first business meeting of the Education Undergraduate Society was held Friday, November 3, in the auditorium of the Education Building. Dr. H. E. Smith was guest speaker, and chose as his topic, "The Canadian Teachers' Federation." In brief, the guest speaker remarked upon the purpose of the C.T.F., and mentioned that Alberta has the strongest teachers' professional association amongst the nine provinces, that in the field of teacher training Alberta was the leading province in Canada, and that as yet Alberta was the farthest behind in making provision for retirement pensions.

In the business meeting, President Allan Ronaghan announced the appointment of Jack Coldwell as E.U.S. representative on the Students' Council, and third year students elected Marian Davenport as third year representative on the E.U.S. executive.

After the business meeting a short program followed, conducted by Laurie Fisher, Gwyneth Coote, accompanied by Marie Weir, sang, and George Desson, Al Ronaghan and Robert Andrushyn delighted their audience with symphonic arrangements of the popular classics, "The Old Grey Mare" and "Home on the Range." A general sing-song followed. The remainder of the evening was devoted to stunts in keeping with the Hallowe'en spirit. Vivienne Scoville and Alex Jardine distinguished themselves as most adept couple at handling a pie under the handicap of blindfold and no hands. Ralph Omoe literally "won by a nose" in pushing an apple over the finishing line in an apple race, and three "rehab" dressed as ghosts climaxed the evening with respective renditions of their most ghostly shrieks. Cokes and cakes were served after the meeting in the cafeteria.

whole life. The main kitchen is also all tiled, and is lovely and bright and sunny. But our office is our pride and joy. I forgot to say that there are two dietitians here—Margaret Wilcox being the other one, so it is very nice, since both of us come from Calgary. Our office consists of two good-sized rooms. One has a chesterfield, easy chairs, coffee tables and a desk in one corner. It's the most attractive room, and Margaret always keeps it full of flowers. The other room is furnished as a dining-room, and is also most attractive. It is certainly not like any office I have ever seen, or ever expect to see again. The whole hospital is wired for a radio loudspeaker system, so we do our work to soft music.

As for the work, it isn't very busy with two of us here. We have had a lot of difficulties about food supplies, but are gradually getting a big improvement in the rations. We're on Field Service rations, the same as all units, but are also supposed to be able to draw hospital comforts, which include canned fruit,

(Continued on Page 7)

K. M. HENRY OPTOMETRIST

A. Ashdown & Marshall
10345 Jasper Ave. Phone 22342

The S.C.M. and Today's Headlines

"The World Is At Peace"

So ran the headline stories of a few months ago. Today we hear of revolts in Latin America, undeclared war in the East Indies, and civil war in China. Prophecies of war between Russia and the United States are now the fashion in the press.

"Conference Plans Better World"

said another headline of not so long ago. And throughout the world people are facing a winter that will hold nothing but starvation and misery for millions. This while politicians bicker and conferences end in failure.

"Atomic Bomb Ends War"

—was a headline that announced a new era. A new era in which we can look back at such lethal weapons as blockbusters as mere toys—an era in which the stature of nations is no longer measured by cultural achievements, but by the possession of a physical formula.

"Does This Have to Be True?"

Why the tremendous gulf between man's possibilities and his achievements? He has found a physical formula that can kill millions of his fellows in a few well-directed attacks. Has he forgotten a formula that can give him the fullest possible realization of life?

OUR BELIEF—We believe that "in Jesus Christ are found the supreme revelation of God and the means to the full realization of life." We will not ask you to accept this conviction without putting it to the test. Any student worthy of the name must test truth before accepting it.

THE CHALLENGE—We believe that we are challenged now as never before to test and live by the truth of the Christian conviction. We must do so or die victims of our own misguided achievements.

OUR ANSWER—As an organization we are meeting that challenge by attempting to help students clear away some of the debris that obstructs intelligent Christian thinking. We are "setting our own house in order first," and are re-organizing and integrating our own activities. In a series of programmes entitled

S.C.M. NIGHT

we are going to present stimulating speakers who will deal with vital problems of world-wide importance. We are going to give students an opportunity to find some of the answers. And, where the answer is not clear, we are going to leave room for expression of student opinion. Series begins

Date: Thursday, November 15

Place: St. Stephen's College

THE GATEWAY



Published each Friday throughout the College Year under the authority of the Students' Union of the University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta.

MEMBER OF CANADIAN UNIVERSITY PRESS

Advertising rates may be had upon request to the Advertising Manager of The Gateway, Room 151 Arts Building, University of Alberta. Subscription rates: \$2.00 per year in the United States and Canada.

Phone 31155

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief Bill Clark
Associate Editor Alf Harper
News Editor Lawrie Joslin
Assistant News Editor Mavis Huston
Features Editors Peter Offenbacher, Colin Murray
Literary Editor Dennis Townsend
Society Editor Jane Becker
Women's Sports Editor Dorothy Ward
Sports Editor Murray Stewart
Assistants: Bill Lindsay, Bob Buck, Peggy Haynes, Tom Ford, Jean Anderson, Lorraine Skeith, Clarence Fuerst, Vic Mark, Francis Kitchen, Elfriede Milbradt, Delores Kimball, Dick Sherbanuk, Vic Graham, Helen Plasteras, Hugh McCall, Anita Heckley, Betty Wiggins, Luella Downing, Claude May, Ken Geis, Joyce Richardson, Marg Weir, Marjorie Dunning, Leona Patterson, Bob Kroetsch, Lillian Gehrke, Karl Erdman, Rae Sutherland, Beth Edwards.

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager Bill Boyar
Advertising Manager Ralph Skitch
Circulation Manager Wilf Walker
Subscription Manager Helen Ireland
Theatre Director Gordon McCormack
Casts and Cuts Hugh Kent

CONTINUITY IN COUNCIL

Each spring a new Students' Council is elected. Sometimes in the fall several old council members are back, but usually most of them have graduated. The new council has to scrounge around, all over the place, trying to find out what the score is, where to find things, whom to see. Matters of procedure have to be learned from a number of sources. Faculty and staff members have to go over the same questions and answers each fall. By the end of the term the council members are just beginning to learn the ropes, the short cuts, the channels through which various activities must pass. This is natural, under the existing system of student government. But it is a waste of time, talent, and energy. This chronic period of inefficiency is caused by the lack of continuity in administration.

Continuity could be obtained in either of two ways, or a combination of both.

In the first place, the council should contain, each year, members of the preceding council. Some universities elect their faculty representatives at Christmas. We suggest that Alberta adopt this practice so that the council will at no time be entirely green and inexperienced. The change would not involve an extra general election.

Dividends would be paid in the spring and fall.

In the second place, the Students' Union should employ a highly competent permanent secretary, who could also handle the bookkeeping of the Union. For several years it has been necessary to employ, separately, someone to keep the accounts of this \$50,000 business. The saving due to increased efficiency and decreased duplication would warrant a handsome salary. The position would be a desirable one, not too difficult to fill. The benefits would be obvious.

At present there is no single individual who can possibly have a complete grasp of the workings of student administration. There should be. And he should be permanent.

We should like to hear council discuss this matter at its next meeting. Faculty representatives could well have been elected at Christmas in year past. Quite possibly the suggestion had not been made to them. Now, for the first time since before the war, it is possible to secure a fully qualified Permanent Secretary-Accountant.

Last year's council might have done well to consider these matters, instead of wasting their efforts on the traditional pastime of altering the constitution regarding honorariums. President Helmer has, this year, the opportunity of taking a progressive step which past council members have overlooked.

Enthusiasm is the greatest asset in the world. It beats money and power and influence. Single-handed the enthusiast convinces and dominates, where the wealth accumulated by a small army of workers would scarcely raise a tremor of interest. Enthusiasm tramples over prejudice and opposition, spurns inaction, storms the citadel of its object, and like an avalanche overwhelms and engulfs all obstacles. It is nothing more or less than faith in action.

—Henry Chester.

In connection with the shortage of textbooks, we hope the students will bear with us, as we are doing all in our power to get deliveries quickly from the publishers, but many of the books are being reprinted in the United States, and that is the chief cause of the delay.

THIS DEPARTMENT IS OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

News and Views From Other U's

JAPANESE-CANADIAN PROBLEM IS DISCUSSED ON CANADIAN CAMPUS

During the past week opinions have been solicited on the Jap-Canadian question from all across Canada. Many students appeared to have very little knowledge of the affair. Below are typical opinions from two universities.

Mr. Allison University, Nov. 1 (CUP)—The Japanese-Canadian problem has provoked extensive comment on this campus. The following are a sample of the opinions which have been voiced:

"Students should do as much as possible to voice their disapproval to both provincial and federal governments in respect to their action in the repatriation of Japanese-Canadians."

"I think all Canadian-born Japanese who wish to return to Japan should be repatriated and all non-Canadian-born Japanese should be deported regardless of their wishes."

"It's more than just an issue between a group of Japanese-Canadians and the government. There is a question of racial discrimination, and if the Canadian people let present government plans for settlement go through, it will be a black mark in the eyes of the rest of the world."

University of Toronto (CUP).—Concrete action has been taken by the student body at the University of Toronto. The Students' Administrative Council, representing all undergraduates, wired the Acting Prime Minister and demanded the deletion of Bill 15, clause 3, of the National Emergencies Powers Act.

A letter informing executives of other universities of the action it has taken and suggesting that like action be considered by their respective councils is being sent to other campi.

MEN MUST DRESS PROPERLY AT McMaster

A notice in Oct. 19 Silhouette at McMaster University reads, "Sweaters and wind-breakers sometimes accompanied by suitable neckwear, but more often not, have put in their appearance in the halls and lecture rooms of the University. Surely we are not reverting to the status of High School days, gone and almost forgotten?" Henceforth, admission to lectures and the library will be refused those male students who are improperly dressed, i.e., without a suit coat and tie. Fines will be levied on all offenders." After perusing an editorial in another issue of the Silhouette, it appears that Senior students at McMaster are required to wear gowns to lectures and freshmen must wear caps. The editorial continues: "There will always be scoffers when college men try to act their age, for many refuse to mix elements of the sublime with the customary ridiculous." We at McMaster think differently; while preparing ourselves for the professional fields of our Dominion we choose to look the part. Hence the wearing of suits and the institution of gowns for Seniors."

INDIA WILL SEND THIRTY GRADUATES YEARLY TO McGill

India is to send thirty scholarship students to McGill each year, it was recently announced. Fifteen of these are to take post-graduate courses in engineering and applied science, and the other fifteen will take Agriculture.

The first group of these is due to arrive next month with a party which includes 150 students who are being sent to universities and colleges all over Canada and the United States. About twenty-five American

CHRISTMAS FUND

Organization for the Christmas Fund campaign should at this date be completed. With Christmas exams only five weeks away, with the prospect of extra-curricular activities for this term being completely curtailed in less than four weeks, little time is left to plan a comprehensive drive.

The Christmas Fund campaign has always received unquestioned support from students. It has without exception been the most worthwhile drive on the campus. What a shame it would be to doom this undertaking to failure through lack of foresight!

The money raised by the Christmas Fund Committee is used to buy hampers of food and clothing which are distributed through the district nurses in Northern Alberta to needy families. The letters of appreciation received after the hampers have been delivered have always been ample return for the effort expended. There is great satisfaction in knowing that the nickels and dimes donated for this cause are actually accomplishing their purpose. There is also great satisfaction in seeing, through the letters of thanks, that the drive has proven worth while.

If we are to continue our assistance to needy families, and if we are to do so by Christmas, 1945, council must overcome its tendency toward procrastination and act quickly and efficiently.

SCIENTIFIC FILMS

Last Thursday night the C.A.S.W.—Canadian Association of Scientific Workers—invited all science students and others interested to an evening of scientific films.

The advertisement "Scientific films" was perhaps a little misleading, and consequently many people who might have attended did not because they received the impression that the films were of a highly technical nature. Nothing could be further from the truth. Although subjects of a technical nature were dealt with, the educational value of the evening was tremendous. The explanations presented could be readily understood by even the most unenlightened. Biological advances were presented so that they could be readily grasped by Engineers. Engineering advances were explained in terms which could easily be understood by Arts students.

More films have been promised throughout the year, and judging by the first evening, they merit your attendance. Credit is certainly due this organization for undertaking this project.

Universities have agreed to take students, and also 350 of a total of 700 such students have already gone to study in the United Kingdom under a similar plan.

CO-ED GIVES KISS "TO AID SCIENCE" AT OKLAHOMA

Ray Hartley, laboratory assistant, took a kiss lying down Monday in an experiment testing his slow brain waves on a machine called an electroencephalograph in the psychology laboratory. The experiment showed that the brain is affected only slightly during a kiss, most of the reactions being muscular. When the kiss was implanted on the victim, the needle of the machine went haywire in a zigzag course, due to the flutter of eyelids, etc., etc.

"It was purely in the interest of science," remarked the donor, blushing furiously after the experiment.

Six electrodes were attached to Hartley's forehead, ear lobes, and the back of his head with electrode paste and liquid adhesive, giving him the appearance of a man from Mars. In another test, concentration on adding figures made the needle's path more even, with smaller fluctuations.

NO C.O.T.C. OR U.N.T.D. VOLUNTEERS AT DALHOUSIE

The C.O.T.C. has had no enlistments this term at Dalhousie since the training has been put on a voluntary basis. Previously compulsory, the C.O.T.C. is voluntary now, and the number of hours of training a week has been reduced from six to three. The C.O. of the Corps said that the greatest interest shown so far has been by regular army veterans, many of whom have served overseas.

Ray Hartley, laboratory assistant, took a kiss lying down Monday in an experiment testing his slow brain waves on a machine called an electroencephalograph in the psychology laboratory. The experiment showed that the brain is affected only slightly during a kiss, most of the reactions being muscular. When the kiss was implanted on the victim, the needle of the machine went haywire in a zigzag course, due to the flutter of eyelids, etc., etc.

"It was purely in the interest of science," remarked the donor, blushing furiously after the experiment.

Six electrodes were attached to Hartley's forehead, ear lobes, and the back of his head with electrode paste and liquid adhesive, giving him the appearance of a man from Mars. In another test, concentration on adding figures made the needle's path more even, with smaller fluctuations.

NO C.O.T.C. OR U.N.T.D. VOLUNTEERS AT DALHOUSIE

The C.O.T.C. has had no enlistments this term at Dalhousie since the training has been put on a voluntary basis. Previously compulsory, the C.O.T.C. is voluntary now, and the number of hours of training a week has been reduced from six to three. The C.O. of the Corps said that the greatest interest shown so far has been by regular army veterans, many of whom have served overseas.

Ray Hartley, laboratory assistant, took a kiss lying down Monday in an experiment testing his slow brain waves on a machine called an electroencephalograph in the psychology laboratory. The experiment showed that the brain is affected only slightly during a kiss, most of the reactions being muscular. When the kiss was implanted on the victim, the needle of the machine went haywire in a zigzag course, due to the flutter of eyelids, etc., etc.

"It was purely in the interest of science," remarked the donor, blushing furiously after the experiment.

Six electrodes were attached to Hartley's forehead, ear lobes, and the back of his head with electrode paste and liquid adhesive, giving him the appearance of a man from Mars. In another test, concentration on adding figures made the needle's path more even, with smaller fluctuations.

NO C.O.T.C. OR U.N.T.D. VOLUNTEERS AT DALHOUSIE

The C.O.T.C. has had no enlistments this term at Dalhousie since the training has been put on a voluntary basis. Previously compulsory, the C.O.T.C. is voluntary now, and the number of hours of training a week has been reduced from six to three. The C.O. of the Corps said that the greatest interest shown so far has been by regular army veterans, many of whom have served overseas.

Ray Hartley, laboratory assistant, took a kiss lying down Monday in an experiment testing his slow brain waves on a machine called an electroencephalograph in the psychology laboratory. The experiment showed that the brain is affected only slightly during a kiss, most of the reactions being muscular. When the kiss was implanted on the victim, the needle of the machine went haywire in a zigzag course, due to the flutter of eyelids, etc., etc.

"It was purely in the interest of science," remarked the donor, blushing furiously after the experiment.

Six electrodes were attached to Hartley's forehead, ear lobes, and the back of his head with electrode paste and liquid adhesive, giving him the appearance of a man from Mars. In another test, concentration on adding figures made the needle's path more even, with smaller fluctuations.

NO C.O.T.C. OR U.N.T.D. VOLUNTEERS AT DALHOUSIE

The C.O.T.C. has had no enlistments this term at Dalhousie since the training has been put on a voluntary basis. Previously compulsory, the C.O.T.C. is voluntary now, and the number of hours of training a week has been reduced from six to three. The C.O. of the Corps said that the greatest interest shown so far has been by regular army veterans, many of whom have served overseas.

Ray Hartley, laboratory assistant, took a kiss lying down Monday in an experiment testing his slow brain waves on a machine called an electroencephalograph in the psychology laboratory. The experiment showed that the brain is affected only slightly during a kiss, most of the reactions being muscular. When the kiss was implanted on the victim, the needle of the machine went haywire in a zigzag course, due to the flutter of eyelids, etc., etc.

"It was purely in the interest of science," remarked the donor, blushing furiously after the experiment.

Six electrodes were attached to Hartley's forehead, ear lobes, and the back of his head with electrode paste and liquid adhesive, giving him the appearance of a man from Mars. In another test, concentration on adding figures made the needle's path more even, with smaller fluctuations.

NO C.O.T.C. OR U.N.T.D. VOLUNTEERS AT DALHOUSIE

The C.O.T.C. has had no enlistments this term at Dalhousie since the training has been put on a voluntary basis. Previously compulsory, the C.O.T.C. is voluntary now, and the number of hours of training a week has been reduced from six to three. The C.O. of the Corps said that the greatest interest shown so far has been by regular army veterans, many of whom have served overseas.

Ray Hartley, laboratory assistant, took a kiss lying down Monday in an experiment testing his slow brain waves on a machine called an electroencephalograph in the psychology laboratory. The experiment showed that the brain is affected only slightly during a kiss, most of the reactions being muscular. When the kiss was implanted on the victim, the needle of the machine went haywire in a zigzag course, due to the flutter of eyelids, etc., etc.

"It was purely in the interest of science," remarked the donor, blushing furiously after the experiment.

Six electrodes were attached to Hartley's forehead, ear lobes, and the back of his head with electrode paste and liquid adhesive, giving him the appearance of a man from Mars. In another test, concentration on adding figures made the needle's path more even, with smaller fluctuations.

NO C.O.T.C. OR U.N.T.D. VOLUNTEERS AT DALHOUSIE

The C.O.T.C. has had no enlistments this term at Dalhousie since the training has been put on a voluntary basis. Previously compulsory, the C.O.T.C. is voluntary now, and the number of hours of training a week has been reduced from six to three. The C.O. of the Corps said that the greatest interest shown so far has been by regular army veterans, many of whom have served overseas.

Ray Hartley, laboratory assistant, took a kiss lying down Monday in an experiment testing his slow brain waves on a machine called an electroencephalograph in the psychology laboratory. The experiment showed that the brain is affected only slightly during a kiss, most of the reactions being muscular. When the kiss was implanted on the victim, the needle of the machine went haywire in a zigzag course, due to the flutter of eyelids, etc., etc.

"It was purely in the interest of science," remarked the donor, blushing furiously after the experiment.

Six electrodes were attached to Hartley's forehead, ear lobes, and the back of his head with electrode paste and liquid adhesive, giving him the appearance of a man from Mars. In another test, concentration on adding figures made the needle's path more even, with smaller fluctuations.

NO C.O.T.C. OR U.N.T.D. VOLUNTEERS AT DALHOUSIE

The C.O.T.C. has had no enlistments this term at Dalhousie since the training has been put on a voluntary basis. Previously compulsory, the C.O.T.C. is voluntary now, and the number of hours of training a week has been reduced from six to three. The C.O. of the Corps said that the greatest interest shown so far has been by regular army veterans, many of whom have served overseas.

Ray Hartley, laboratory assistant, took a kiss lying down Monday in an experiment testing his slow brain waves on a machine called an electroencephalograph in the psychology laboratory. The experiment showed that the brain is affected only slightly during a kiss, most of the reactions being muscular. When the kiss was implanted on the victim, the needle of the machine went haywire in a zigzag course, due to the flutter of eyelids, etc., etc.

"It was purely in the interest of science," remarked the donor, blushing furiously after the experiment.

Six electrodes were attached to Hartley's forehead, ear lobes, and the back of his head with electrode paste and liquid adhesive, giving him the appearance of a man from Mars. In another test, concentration on adding figures made the needle's path more even, with smaller fluctuations.

NO C.O.T.C. OR U.N.T.D. VOLUNTEERS AT DALHOUSIE

The C.O.T.C. has had no enlistments this term at Dalhousie since the training has been put on a voluntary basis. Previously compulsory, the C.O.T.C. is voluntary now, and the number of hours of training a week has been reduced from six to three. The C.O. of the Corps said that the greatest interest shown so far has been by regular army veterans, many of whom have served overseas.

Ray Hartley, laboratory assistant, took a kiss lying down Monday in an experiment testing his slow brain waves on a machine called an electroencephalograph in the psychology laboratory. The experiment showed that the brain is affected only slightly during a kiss, most of the reactions being muscular. When the kiss was implanted on the victim, the needle of the machine went haywire in a zigzag course, due to the flutter of eyelids, etc., etc.

"It was purely in the interest of science," remarked the donor, blushing furiously after the experiment.

Six electrodes were attached to Hartley's forehead, ear lobes, and the back of his head with electrode paste and liquid adhesive, giving him the appearance of a man from Mars. In another test, concentration on adding figures made the needle's path more even, with smaller fluctuations.

NO C.O.T.C. OR U.N.T.D. VOLUNTEERS AT DALHOUSIE

The C.O.T.C. has had no enlistments this term at Dalhousie since the training has been put on a voluntary basis. Previously compulsory, the C.O.T.C. is voluntary now, and the number of hours of training a week has been reduced from six to

THE GATEWAY

The Gateway LITERARY PAGE

The Wheel of the Gods

Laugh at the Tibetan Adventures of This Ingenious Linguist

SUMMARY

Henry Jackson, professor of Oriental languages, is chased by bandits in Tibet. He comes upon an odorous monastery where he learns that an ancient Prayer-Wheel will no longer turn, and that a great god is expected to repair it. As we go on with the story, Jackson is examining the wheel.

CONCLUSION

We emerged from the buildings of the monastery onto the bank of a mountain stream. There stood a great water wheel of a radius of about twenty feet, turning swiftly in the rapid stream, but spinning loosely on its bearingless, greased shaft. Apparently its holiness didn't prevent the monks from greasing the wheel. At the end of the horizontal shaft stood a small round-house which contained the prayer rolling mechanism. With the abbot's permission, I stepped up close to the hub of the wheel and examined it by the light of the small lantern we carried. Instantly I saw the trouble. The large wooden drift key which had fastened the wheel to the drive shaft had been removed, and chopped into seven pieces, and laid on the band. The wheel, however, was held from sliding off the end of the shaft by another pin on the outside.

I showed the remains of the chopped pin to the abbot, who apparently had been too excited to examine the mechanism carefully before. He stared at the seven sticks, gulped, turned pale under an inch of un-washedness, and spoke in a choking voice:

"Seven sticks! The sign of Rje Bud! This is not the first time the infamous villains have sought to bring ruin and disaster upon our Holy community. Seven years ago they seized and abducted the holy brothers Llada, Grunpo and Drinpa while they were tending our flocks. They slaughtered the flock and carried out holy brethren to their den, where they martyred them by making them eat a Buddha made out of soap. Also they scrubbed the skins off them with stiff brushes and strong soap. Our poor saints died a horrid death. But we will be patient. All men must die, and after death the vile abusers of our saints will be assigned to the lowest depths of the sixty-seventh hell, where hot flames burn the wicked forever, yet they are forever freezing, where they are forever bleeding, where innumerable worms crawl forever in their flesh and mouth and nostrils and eyes and ears, and they are doomed to chant forever, 'Great is the Buddha and just his judgment. May my punishment endure forever'."

From this I understood that his concepts of kindness, mercy and non-violence were a strictly one-world affair.

The abbot and I returned to his apartment, where we met Byasa again, and sat down. The abbot ordered some buttered tea, and while I drank it, he said, "We can give you shelter for the night, oh stranger, although we cannot give you protection against the demons which are about tonight. In the morning, if there is any poor thing which this wretched monastery can do to help a traveller along his way, we will do it."

Then he called a monk, who showed Byasa and me to our room, where we passed the rest of the night quietly enough.

By morning I had my plan formulated. I went to the abbot, told him importantly that I had a great message for his monastery, and asked that he assemble all the monks, that I might address them. He was so low in spirits that he would consent to anything, so that I soon found myself facing a gathering of a thousand physically and mentally wretched holy men. I asked the abbot to bless the assembly, but refrained from telling him that I wished it so that the incense that he cast would protect me from the B.O. of his saints. Then, heaving all traces of modesty or reticence overboard, I began my speech:

"Oh, holy men of Djanda Lai, I come to you from the Lord of all the Heavens, Gautama himself, who in his infinite mercy has taken compassion upon you worthy saints and has dispatched me, unworthy though I am to serve his Supreme Holiness, that I may through the powers He has deigned to confer upon me, save this most worthy community of saints from the powers of evil, devils, destroyers of merit, and enemies of goodness and profaners of holiness that so sorely beset you. Oh, holy men, if you will but believe, if you will but obey the commands which I shall give, my authority being the Blessed One himself, if you will but do as I say, this frightful calamity will be averted, and disaster shall become victory. I see by your faces, oh holy men, that you doubt me. Know then, oh saints, that this is but a test of your faith. Do you remember, most saintly ones, how, when Satyakarna was praying desperately that he might receive a command from our Lord the Blessed One, the Blessed One himself came and stood beside him in the form of a goat, and spoke to him words of wisdom and instruction. Then again, the 22nd avatar of Satyakarna came in the form of a Bengal pipe-merchant. Is there, then, any marvel that he should come again in the form of a European barbarian to save again his beloved followers? I say to you, oh blessed ones, that your reward will be great in proportion to your faith. Have faith, or men of Djanda Lai!"

"And you, oh abbot of Djanda Lai, come here to me, that I may instruct you in your duty. Take an axe, go into the sacred grove of

by Finnigan

your most noble monastery, search carefully until you find a dead fir one span in diameter, yet the wood must not be rotten nor any part of the trunk. You shall cut from this trunk a stake six spans in length and bring it hither."

"You, oh most pious goatherds, shall watch the gate, for the bandits are even now on their way hither. When they come, you shall admit them, but see that they do harm to no one. You shall send word to me immediately upon their arrival.

"You, other monks of Djanda Lai, shall remain assembled continuing in prayer until I command you further. Go now, oh saintly monks, to your duties."

The abbot went off to the grove, the goatherds took up their guard, and the rest of the monks busied themselves with their prayers. I walked to the bank of the river, and Byasa and I spent the next few minutes examining the wheel more closely, for it had been dark when we first saw it. Byasa, who was extraordinarily Irish for a Tibetan, had understood my blarney immediately, but gave no sign, and played along with the game magnificently. Soon the abbot arrived with the stake.

In the presence of an assembly of the elders of the monastery, to the blare of six-foot trumpets, with all the most powerful men in the monastery regarding me with wonder and fear, I began to shape a new pin for the wheel. I sent a monk for some grease and some incense to burn that the spirits might not attempt to deflect the axe. Inside me, I placed no faith in incense. I just shuddered and called on the Holy Trinity, the Blessed Virgin, and all the Saints of Heaven to help me. I don't remember exactly, but I think I even called on Buddha. I was almost as afraid as the monks were, because my life certainly depended on repairing the wheel of the gods. I managed not to show this, and kept a stern face, and guided the axe in clean, sure strokes. When the pin was shaped, I greased it with some of the fat the monk had brought, burned a stick of incense and, while the long trumpets boomed a weird and powerful melody, I drove the new key into the wheel, which was revolving sufficiently slowly.

Success

While sweat stood out on my forehead and ran in streams down my body, while I shuddered and went through miseries that the monastic historian later described quite appropriately as a battle with ten thousand devils, I managed to drive the pin into place. The wheel and shaft jolted suddenly, the praying mechanism jarred, then started to turn and hum as busily and noisily as any mill. A great cheer arose from the waiting monks. Again and again they cheered, and their cheers rolled like bomb blasts over the gorge and back. It was indeed a mighty salvo I received.

Just then a messenger arrived and informed me that the bandits were approaching the gate. I hurriedly gave the monks their various orders, and hastened to the gate to watch the performance.

The bandits knocked at the gate, and the surly gatekeeper opened it and grunted. "This time it was a matchlock musket, not a flask, that was thrust at him. He grunted "Come in," without waiting for a second or third order as he had done with us.

When they entered, they found themselves surrounded by a cloud of incense and smoke so thick that they could hardly breathe and couldn't see. Immediately each bandit found himself seized by a pair of strong arms from out of the cloud, and disarmed by another pair of arms, and led forward. The abbot commanded, "Bring them here," and they were brought.

The abbot proceeded to perform his duty as soon as the bandits had been brought out of the smoke screen to his throne in the courtyard.

"Oh, evil bandits, do you not perceive that you have become servants of the devils, the enemies of men? Do you not realize that devils have seized themselves upon you, that you are no longer the owners of your souls? You have tried more times than once to destroy us. You have done the utmost to visit upon us all the terrors of the evil ones who are your masters. In spite of all your malice, we forgive you. Yes, we even have pity upon you. Now, out of the greatness of our compassion, we will exercise you, we will drive out the evil ones, we will free your souls of the demons that beset them, and you shall once again become free men and masters of your souls."

Immediately the trumpets started their weird, melancholy, keening wail and a thousand monks stepped to their places for the awesome ceremony of spirit-wrestling. They burned more incense, and twenty lines of monks moved forward toward the twenty bandits, who were held back against a wall by the fierce mastiffs of the goatherds. Each monk carried a bell and all the bells were jangling in unison in a monotonous but hypnotic rhythm. The big temple drums were all beating a boisterous accompaniment. The monks chanted their deep pentatonic chants in strong, solemn voices, and advanced upon the bandits. As each man reached a bandit he stopped for a minute, addressed a rune to the spirit, and smote the bandit once on the chest with his large, six-foot rosary of wooden beads, each one of which was about the size of an egg. The blow was supposed to dislodge the spirit. Then he moved on to the end of the line, and the next man stepped up, and the chants continued. "Come out, come out, oh Mara's slave,

Every one of them was dead. I deduced that it was probably heart-failure, even though each one of them had at least four broken ribs. I told the abbot so, and he appeared to be greatly distressed.

"Oh, mercies of the Blessed One! What have we done? To think that probably wicked spirits were the only ones the poor men had, and now that we have exorcised them out, the poor sinners are dead. Oh, Buddha, may their souls find happiness in the next existence! Oh, Blessed One, forgive us, for we have unwittingly taken life!"

That was the end of Rje Budun. The monks gave them a fine funeral, and a grand cremation, with much loud chanting, plenty of candles and incense, and again the bells and tom-toms.

That night the monks gave me a grand feast. For the first time in days I got an edible meal. As is usual in Tibet, where Chinese cooking holds the same position that French cuisine does for Europeans, we were served a Chinese banquet. Course after course of marvelous exotic foods, wines and delicacies was brought in, and consumed with real gusto. There were speeches and orations, and prayers and hymns, and finally there was an invitation, which amounted to a command, from the abbot to stay with the monastery for several years. Then the banquet ended, and we all went to bed.

About three o'clock the next morning Byasa and I stole quietly out the back way by the river.

The End

NOVEMBER

Hark you such sound as quivers?

Kings will hear,

As kings have heard, and tremble on

their thrones; The old will feel the weight of mossy

stones;

The young alone will laugh and

scorn at fear.

It is the tread of armies marching

near,

From scarlet lands to lands forever

pale;

It is a bugle dying down the gate;

It is the sudden gushing of a tear;

And it is hands that grope at ghostly

doors;

And romp of spirit-children on the

pave;

It is the tender sighing of the brave

Who fell, ah! long ago, in futile

wars;

It is such sound as death; and, after

all,

"Tis but the forest letting dead

leaves fall.

—"November," by Mahlon

Leonard Fisher.

FOUND

A Purse in Capitol Theatre with identification card "Jean Bye." Owner please call at Capitol Theatre for return of same.

WAW-WAW?

Woman reduces us all to the common denominator.—Shaw.

Man has his will, but woman has her way.—Holmes.

Around the Bookstores

"Cass Timberlane," \$2.75, Random House.

The story is a satire of the American way of life today. The author uses his characters to portray the different types of people to be found in nearly all walks of life in any community. Judge Timberlane is a likeable fellow, and the reader may feel sorry for him when he is pushed around by society. He is even told that he is making a fool of himself by chasing this gay young girl from the working class. Cass problem is a social one. Should a man marry a woman socially below him?

This book is really meant to be a serious treatise on marriage, and every possible angle is discussed, besides any other problem which might confront people today.

Sinclair Lewis has always been unpredictable. As a young man, he experimented with that community led by Upton Sinclair and called Halicon Hall. He was offered the Nobel Prize and refused it, but three years later travelled all the way to Sweden to receive it. To make certain that he wasn't missing anything, he accepted membership in the American Academy of Arts and Letters. This was followed by an honorary LL.D. from his Alma Mater, Yale University.

—K. J. E.

I expect that women will be the last thing civilized by men—Meredith.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT OIL

PAGES FROM AN OIL DRILLER'S "LOG" TELL



March 24th, 1943, "spudding in" . . . a big day for the drilling crew. 136-foot derrick completed, we started drilling Imperial Oil's "Royalite Wildcat Hills Well No. 1"—due north of Calgary-Banff highway, 35 miles from Calgary. Hoping for a real "strike" . . . geologists' survey indicates favorable oil structure at about 7,000 to 9,000 feet.

Trouble 719 feet down! Lost drill collar¹ in the hole. Might have been bad—but recovered collar and repaired break in drill shaft in 3 hours. Everybody breathed a big sigh of relief—sometimes this kind of accident sets us back days.

Another lucky break! Drill pipe "washed out" and twisted off at 775 feet. Luckily we got going once more in two hours. Using up plenty of drills on this hard rock. It's no easy job—pulling up hundreds of feet of pipe just to change a dull "bit"² then lowering the whole "string" again.

The geologists were wrong. Now drilling 2 miles underground, and these have been trying, disappointing months. Nature can fool the geologists. On this well, for instance, we expected to hit the formation we hoped would contain oil before this. Instead, one bad "fault"³ after another—quite unexpected. On top of all that—got stuck in hole at 10,676 feet, taking eleven days to fish up drill pipes and repair.

"Fishing" again for 12 days. Stalled again at 10,688 feet—lost 12 days drilling out stuck tubing. But we still have hopes . . . a "strike" will pay back all the months of hard work and money invested.

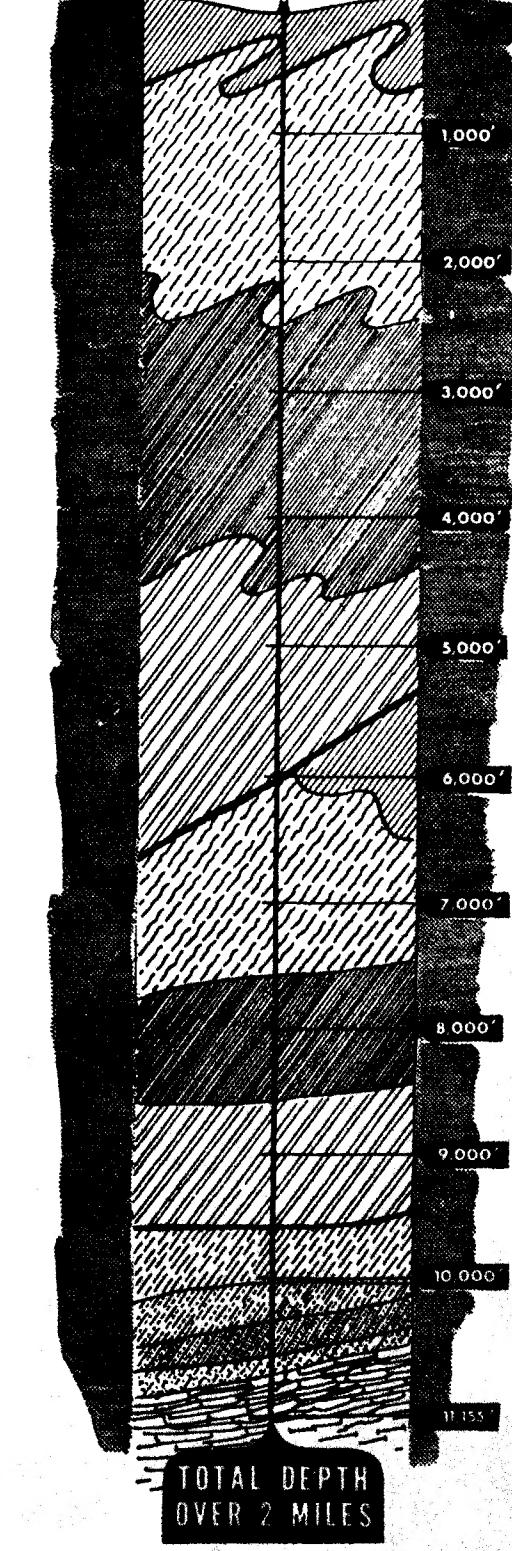
April 21st, 1944, well abandoned—"Dry Hole". A black day for all of us. After 13 months' hard drilling, we struck salt water. Wet as salt water is, it's still the oil man's Nemesis—a "dry hole" that produces no oil. So we plugged the well⁴ at 11,155 feet down and abandoned it—a grave two miles deep for all our hopes of "Wildcat Hills No. 1."

1—Collar supports drill in underground hole.

2—More than 400 drilling bits were used in sinking the well.

3—A "fault" is a break in the earth's structure—a dislocation of the rock formation.

4—Cement plugs are inserted in the hole as required.



IMPERIAL OIL  LIMITED

This message is the fifth of a series; the next advertisement will tell about the

amazing substance called Crude Oil.

ARE WOMEN MORE INTELLIGENT THAN MEN?

Man Hunt

By The Tiger

With my mind's eye on Waw-Waw Weekend just around the corner, I will answer with an emphatic Yes!—and what's more, I'll prove it.

As a fair test, let us turn our attention to that field of endless conflict, monogamous marriage. First, we must remove the romantic delusion that it is difficult to get married. All one need do is to glance about him to see that anyone physically capable of standing in front of a minister for fifteen minutes and whose mental equipment is sufficient to enable him to decide when to come out of the rain, is able to achieve the state of matrimony.

The fact that marriage exists at all pretty well clinches the argument in favor of women's superior intelligence. Anyone who has risen above the mental age of an idiot can see that it is plainly in man's best interest to avoid marriage as long as possible, and, conversely, for a woman to obtain husband as soon as possible. Thus, on this particular battleground, where the best interests of both sexes lead in opposite directions, I leave it for the jury to decide who is having their way. What has happened, of course, is that the man has been clearly bowled over in a battle of wits; women's lack of sentimentality, cool headedness under pressure, and better use of their mental resources has accounted for their overwhelming superiority over men.

What makes these facts so difficult to see is the infinite male capacity to sentimentalize his failures and to cover them under a purple haze of romance. This is only natural, I suppose; it is what the psychologists call a defence mechanism or an attempt on the part of the male to explain away this terrible compromise with his best interests. Generally speaking, it goes something like this. The male will be surrounded by a group of his unmarried friends who will, of course, be the only ones congratulating him. It is at this stage that he coyly admits that the woman of "his choice" has fallen in love with him. By this he hopes to, and usually does, convey to his listeners the preposterous doctrine that a fully intellectually developed woman, possessing all the marvellous faculties that Nature gives her, and who at present is engaged in the most deadly and serious undertaking in her life, i.e., obtaining a husband, has suddenly succumbed to a passion that has swept over her unawares and left her powerless in the face of it all. It is at this stage that to my never-ceasing wonderment the poor idiot accepts at face value such statements as "This thing is bigger than both of us" and "You're the only decent thing in my life."

Now, in the "Gulp and Gallop" you have all the best intentions in the world. The alarm jangles, but after being hit one eye to ascertain the time, you resumber "for another five minutes". A terrible awakening, five past seven and an eight o'clock is scheduled. "Wow, where are my clothes?" A fierce tussle with assorted garments and a mad dash down the stairs to the kitchen. "Where is the bread, the toaster? Where is the butter? I've cut myself. Where are the bandages?" The toast burns and the house fills up with smoke, and you caper wildly in the middle of the kitchen. By some miracle a badly scorched piece of bread has survived, and after being smeared with butter, it is consumed, while you hunt for your books. A hopeful look at the clock,

The whole idea is: just don't let him get away. Let's have no hag stags, and don't let the slick chicks be male misers.

A man and his wife were enjoying the show at palace-like Radio City Music Hall, when nature called the latter. He spent fifteen minutes searching. Breathing a sigh of relief, he stumbled upon a potted palm. A few minutes later he slipped back into his seat and asked his wife whether he had missed any of the show. "Miss anything?" she said, "you were the second act."

final point that none of this will be new to my female readers. Small indeed are the numbers of them who are intellectually worthy of the name of woman who acquire their mates by the process known as falling in love. However, I am prepared to admit that as soon as a woman notices in a man the oafish smirks and eye rollings that are the male symptoms of that form of intellectual disaster known as falling in love, she is quite justified in unbending a little, and along with the man will probably indulge in the luxury of a mawkish sentiment or two. To the trained observer, this is a sign of the cessation of hostilities; the male has formally avowed the delusion of his never-ending love, and in doing so has cut off his retreat, assuming that he is an average male. Once again, man has devised another unique theory for the belated commitment of the female.

The general basis of this hypothesis, which of course has no more basis in fact than the one earlier stated, is the ridiculous excuse that the avowal of love of the male is necessary to start a like flame in the woman, which it must be admitted in the light of the above facts is certainly true, but as I have tried to point out, for an entirely different reason than the one popularly accepted. A woman cannot afford to be swayed by emotion while the vital issue is still in doubt, too many men have got away because women have cracked up before the gate is down. Besides, she would be held up for ridicule by her sisters if she gave way in the stretch.

I might add here that it is decidedly unfair of men to complain about women's lack of honor in their treatment of men. I would like to see the average male display honor in a like situation. Men do not realize what a wonderful escape marriage is for women. *Ipsa facta*, we do not expect a display of honor from an animal fighting for its very existence, the situation is no different, and we should no more look for fair play in our relations with the fair sex than we look for intelligence in freshmen engineers.

RE: BREAKFAST

By Buck

Breakfast is the first meal of the day except when you don't eat it. The work breakfast comes from the old English words "break" and "fast", and means the breaking of your overnight hunger period. From investigation it seems that there are two types of this early morning sport, namely, "The Gulp and Gallop," and the philosophic, "So I'll Be Late."

Now, in the "Gulp and Gallop" you have all the best intentions in the world. The alarm jangles, but after being hit one eye to ascertain the time, you resumber "for another five minutes". A terrible awakening, five past seven and an eight o'clock is scheduled. "Wow, where are my clothes?" A fierce tussle with assorted garments and a mad dash down the stairs to the kitchen. "Where is the bread, the toaster? Where is the butter? I've cut myself. Where are the bandages?" The toast burns and the house fills up with smoke, and you caper wildly in the middle of the kitchen. By some miracle a badly scorched piece of bread has survived, and after being smeared with butter, it is consumed, while you hunt for your books. A hopeful look at the clock,

the scene for all but the keenest male minds and, of course, other women. All of which brings me to my

Me Nuts Look Out

By Luna See

Nice night
In June
Stars shine
Big moon
In park
On bench
With girl
In clinch
Me say
Me love
She coo
Like dove
Me smart
Me fast
Never let
Chance pass
Me say
O. K.
Wedding bells
Ring, ring
Honeymoon
Everything
Settle down
Happy man.

Another night
In June
Stars shine
Big moon
Ain't happy
No more
Carry baby
Walk floor
Wife mad
She fuss
Me mad
Me cuss
Life one
Big spat
Nagging wife
Bawling brat
Me realize
At last
Me too
Darn fast.

SKIPPING LECTURES

WITH CLEMEN

HEADABOUT TOWN

In the reading-room, "I'm an Atheist, thank God." . . . In the grill-room, "I'm going to pull her blond hair out by its black roots!" . . . In the library, "The play fell flat on its face!" . . . At the El Morroco, "How do you like my new toupee?" "Marvellous—You can't tell it from a wig." . . . At the Tie Toc, "He says he's going to get the marriage annulled. Seems he's got proof her father had no license for the shot-gun!"

SHORT OUTLINE OF MISINFORMATION

Possession by spirits means feeling like the devil . . . an oboe is an American tramp . . . a Soviet is a cloth used by waiters in hotels . . . a humorist is a writer who shows us the faults of human nature in such a way that we recognize our failings and smile—and our neighbours' and laugh . . . a mug wump is a bird that sits on a fence with its mug on one side and its wump on the other . . . ambiguity means telling the truth when you don't mean to.

THOUGHTS WHILE SHAVING

For possible solutions to our housing problems at the universities, we might look south of the border, and see how they're tackling it . . . Michigan has leased temporarily thirty-nine side-by-side two-family portable dwellings from the abandoned Willow Run housing project at the Willow Run bomber plant. The units will be transported to a site on the fringe of the campus, are completely furnished, and will rent for \$25 a month . . . the Federal Housing Administration helped relieve the desperate situation at Pennsylvania State College by finding them ninety-three furnished trailers, which are expected to house some six hundred students.

SOUTH OF THE BORDER

The American Dental Association's Council on Dental Education, national accrediting agency for the profession, has withdrawn its rating of Columbia University's School of Dental and Oral Surgery as a result of the recent merger of the institution's medical and dental faculties . . . a Princeton student who interrupted his studies to enlist and was captured by the enemy was recently awarded a Bachelor of Arts degree after offering for his senior credits his prison reading. It included, during his fifteen months in a prison camp, 400 books, 134 of them text-books, including the Bible, which he read through twice.

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH

"In the bright lexicon of youth," says the poet, "there is no such word as 'fall'." But in the "Professor's Vade Mecum, or Lecturer's Guide," it is written in letters of blood . . . Out of peace, riches . . . out of riches, arrogance . . . out of arrogance, war . . . out of war, poverty . . . out of poverty, humiliation . . . out of humiliation, peace . . . and so on. . . Money's honey, Sonny, and a Rich Man's joke is always funny.

AROUND THE GLOBE

There is a campaign afoot in the U.S. to raise \$4,000,000 to build a medical school (its first) on Mt. Scopus, in Jerusalem, Palestine . . . Seventy students were killed or wounded in fighting between cadets of the Chin Ho Military Academy in China . . . 350 Egyptian students left last week to attend American and European Universities . . . Plans are proceeding for the early opening of a third university for Egypt . . . it will be open to any boy or girl over 16 for an entrance fee of 80 cents.

I'M AN ARTSMAN, I'M AN ARTSMAN

Often wondered where that Engineer's yell originated . . . then came this in a cheer roster of the old "Rooter's Club", published in The Daily some twenty-six years ago . . . We are, we are, we are the R.V.C. . . . We do, we do, we do just as we please. . . Drink tea, drink tea, drink tea and come with us. . . We don't give a darn for any young man . . . who don't give a darn for us.

LETTER FROM GERMANY

(Continued from Page 3)
canned chicken and salmon, cocoa and such things. Unfortunately, we weren't getting very much. We are also supposed to be able to buy fresh vegetables, which we weren't getting at all, and eggs, which we still don't get regularly. The rations were very poor, and it was hard to serve attractive meals. However, Margaret went to work on the situation, and finally got some action. The cooks have also been a bit difficult, as they just have one thought—to get home. They weren't the least bit interested in anything. But that has also improved, as they finally moved the high point men and the atmosphere is much better. So we hope from now on that things will run smoothly, and I think they should.

There isn't much of interest to see in this part of Germany. Wilhelmshaven was very badly bombed, so there's nothing there to interest us except the officers' club, which is a nice place to go for dinner and to dance. I got down to Holland for a week-end recently, and thoroughly enjoyed it. Holland is really a beautiful country, and I hope to go again soon. I also hope to go to Paris on nine days' leave, maybe in November.

We have quite a number of Germans working in the hospital, mostly at fatigue jobs. They are very pleasant and agreeable, and can't do enough for us. There has been no trouble with them at all, and most of them are very good workers.

Well, Miss Patrick, this has turned out to be a lengthy note. There are so many things here that would interest you, but I'll save them until I get home and see you. I expect to be here six months, but time alone will tell about that.

I can imagine how busy you must be at the University with so many students this term. We are always interested in the Trail and the Chipmunk—it's nice to keep in touch with the University.

Yours sincerely,
MARION AIKENHEAD,
B.Sc. (H.Ec.) '36

SITTIN' IN WITH POP

One of the most disturbing bits of news for the season is the report that Bing Crosby is on the sick list, and has had to cancel the remainder of his 1945 shows in favor of a rest at his Nevada ranch. It's a cold old K.M.H. won't be the same without him.

Speaking of radio programs, your poor old Pop is broken-hearted about Edmonton's lack of interest in swing music. Of course, when we chat together you're all for it, but just look at what you've done. I'm sure anyone with a spark of interest has heard about the program "Matinee in Swing," formerly a three-hour effort from the Barn ballroom. It was broadcast for two hours over CJCA, and the remaining hour was more sweet and swing for listening or dancing pleasure at the Barn. This all took place every Saturday afternoon from 1:30 to 4:30. Now due to lack of interest and enthusiasm this fine show has dwindled to a mere half-hour. It serves you right for your lack of appreciation, but I for one really miss it. It's also too bad that all the work and effort that went into it had to go to waste.

On to other things. The King Cole Trio's latest Canadian cut is "Hit that Jive Jack" and "That Ain't Right". Another favorite featured by this smart little combo and written by the King himself is "I'm a Shy Guy," something new in catchy lyrics, backed by "I Thought You Knew to Know".

Speaking of "Catchy" lyrics and "tricky" tunes, it's "Tabby the Cat" that caught my ear.

For your information, in this space next week we are going to have our own Varsity Hit Parade. Tell us what you think of it. Till then, so long, cats.

With Foil And Rapier

By A. Scott

Contrary to general belief, fencing is not the sport of knights. In the Round Table area, when every battling buckaroo galvanized himself into a cocoon of sheet iron, the technique was *hakka-hakka-cam*. Only when gunpowder came into being and armor went into the closet with last year's bathing suit did the light but deadly rapier antedate the cleaver-like type of sword. Lethal dueling gradually became a polite court pastime, and eventually evolved into the most scientific of sports. Now, because form and grace count so much, fencers are turning to the foil.

As a practical means of direct self-defence, fencing is a useless accomplishment; but as a stepping-stone to agility, co-ordination, quick thinking action, a necessity in any sport, to grace and poise, fencing is irreplaceable. Members will be interested to read what Paul Gallico, the famous professional sports writer from New York, wrote some time ago in *Vogue*. Mr. Gallico, who is a strenuous practitioner of all the sports he writes about, had this to say about fencing:

"The average layman hasn't the slightest idea of the excitement of the sport; of the terrific tiring exercise it provides; of the sheer joy of the violent, personal-contact sport that calls for strength, speed, agility, courage, nerves and ingenuity, all the thrill of a good boxing bout and none of the pain."

"It is the only personal-contact sport in which a skilled woman all that he can handle. A man has no advantage over a girl, if anything he is handicapped, because a woman's natural deceitfulness comes in handy

Around The Town

By DICK SHERBANIUK

peacetime levels.

Mr. Woollard also mentioned that quite a number of Varsity students are employed by the Bay, and more will be needed for the Christmas rush. Hmmm!

Thus the Hudson's Bay Company, pioneer of the Canadian west, has survived in the last century and a half, the growth of Edmonton from a four-building fort to capital of our province, supporter of community effort, with a population of 112,000 and holding the position of the eighth largest city in Canada.

Doap Declares Potential Pros Already Screwy

By N. E. Doap

There is nothing like changing faculties to get a broader outlook on life. It all came about when my curiosity led me to investigate rumors concerning two Education floats. On approaching the Education Building, I was caught in a sudden rush, and found myself acting as shock absorber for the little Sheasby girl, who apparently expected child prodigy Snowden to bounce her around a bit. To prevent any escapes or shirking of duty, we shock absorbers were securely bound onto the chassis of the float with green and gold streamers. It was with great joy that we set out and with great effort that we stuck on.

As the units of the parade moved forward, Madame Oestreich gave her bustle a hitch, rang her bell for attention, and courageously attempted to lead a rendition of "Mary had a Little Lamb."

We survived with great effort and a few minor casualties the bombardment from the Aggies, the drips from the bridge and the dye from the crepe-paper.

By the time we reached Jasper, all our usual dignity and reserve had vanished, and with abandon we sang "We Are Crazy." Rolling down 95th Street everybody sang and cheered, but all I could muster were a few feeble croaks. For added merriment, the big muscular Farmers started to show off their strength by throwing ties around, but President Ronagh tossed them aside.

As the parade progressed the friendship between the Aggies and Engineers became strained, and from my precarious perch I watched a couple of Engineers disrobe a vigorously protesting Aggie, while a squad of Farmers awaited Downie, who advanced wielding a weapon closely associated with the forty beer men.

At the Stadium I disengaged myself from the Education float, and happily re-joined my faculty with the strong conviction that to be Education you have to be "crazy".

Fashion Dress Shoppe

Fashion Firsts at first at
THE FASHION

10146 Jasper Ave.

STUDENTS Take Warning!



• No TURQUOISE
Pencil is safe since
folks began discovering
that your favourite
drawing pencil is
also the world's
finest writing pencil.

SUGGESTION TO
STUDENTS:
Try a padlock.

SUGGESTION TO
OTHERS:
Why not buy your
own? TURQUOISE
is only 10c and you
can find it 'most
anywhere.

EAGLE TURQUOISE

MODERN MEN
wear modern clothes from
Modern Tailors
Now is the time for Overcoats.
Make your choice while selec-
tions are good.

Modern Tailors
Phone 24634 9715 Jasper Ave.

U.B.C. Leads by Four Points in Football Series

Bears Win Berth in Hardy Cup Final

Bears To Find Tough Sledding On Capilano Field

By Tom Ford

Alberta's Golden Bears showed tremendous offensive power on the ground in their 13-0 victory over the Huskies at Clarke Stadium last week, and by virtue of their win they meet U.B.C. Thunderbirds in two games for the Hardy Cup Trophy at Vancouver this week. The boys left on their train trip last Sunday, and are the Birds' guests for this week.

In an interview with Coach Maury Van Vliet before his team entrained for Vancouver, this correspondent was able to pry several rather interesting facts from the usually mouthed maestro. Van Vliet, a notorious pessimist, wouldn't be quoted as calling his Bears a sure-fire bet to win the Hardy Cup; in fact, the most optimistic note we were able to glean on Alberta's chances was "it should be a hard battle."

Van Vliet has been worried about Alberta's weather, and the consequent lack of field practices on the part of the Bears for the past two weeks. "Snow has restricted our practices to a series of indoor scrimmages in the gym, and our timing may be off," Van Vliet said. "On the other hand, there has been no snow at Vancouver, and the Thunderbirds have undoubtedly been capitalizing on this fact with two-hour sessions every afternoon."

We ventured to tackle Van Vliet on the question of B.C.'s neat pro pass which worked to such good effect here a couple of weeks ago. The Thunderbirds completed 5 forward passes in 11 tries in that night game, and it was due almost entirely to their short pro pass across the line of scrimmage. "It's a hard play to stop," the popular maestro commented, but this observer noted a sly grin on his face which betrayed that he had a counter-weapon all worked out against this aerial attack.

The British Columbia players, in their game here, partly blamed that 12-0 drubbing the Bears handed them to the change in altitude. The visitors complained that they tired easily. Could be our Alberta boys will have the same trouble at Vancouver's sea-level atmosphere. Perhaps that was one reason Van Vliet shoved his squad off to B.C. early Sunday, so they might have a day or two to accustom themselves to the new altitude.

We've been checking through a few records, and it's interesting to note that in something like 10 years (we're not sure of the exact time), no visiting team at B.C. has won the first of the two-game series for the Hardy Cup, although in some cases, of course, the visitors have won the series in the end.

Archery Club

The attention of all Archery Club members is drawn to the change in schedule, which goes into effect immediately. Meetings in the future will be held on Monday and Wednesday evenings from 7 p.m. to 8 p.m. in the Drill Hall.

Another important point to note is that anyone wishing to compete on a University team, in an archery tournament against an off-the-campus team, must have attended two-thirds of the meetings to be eligible.

To anyone who has not yet joined the Archery Club and would like to do so, we extend a hearty welcome. It is not too late to join, and with more equipment coming soon, there will be enough for a large number. All you need to do is to come, and we will teach you to hit the bull's eye.

Ramsay's for Service and Quality

CORSAGES . . .

Exquisitely fashioned of Roses, Carnations and Gardenias

WALTER RAMSAY, LIMITED
10324 Jasper Ave. Phone 23488

Murray & Farrah

THE HOUSE OF SERVICE

Smart . . .

MEN'S, WOMEN'S
Suits, Coats, Accessories,
Sports Togs

. . . for Varsity wear

Phone 31075

10355-7 Whyte Ave.

Freeze, Hajash and Ingram Star as Powerful Line Smashes Saskatoon Huskies for Big Yardage Gains and Series Victory

Saturday, November 3rd, the Golden Bears did it again. At Clarke Stadium they rolled over the Saskatchewan Huskies with a resounding 13-0 score to make it two straight over that team and three successive victories in the Intercollegiate series.

Riding a 14-5 defeat of the U.B.C. Thunderbirds, the Bears never faltered as they outgueded, outblocked, outran the fighting U. of S. squad. Only

bright spot in the efforts of the Huskies was the kicking of Bob Shore. Although he wasn't getting the length he did in the Husky-Thunderbird clash, he nevertheless outkicked our Paddy Westcott throughout the first three quarters.

In the fourth Billy Ingram laid his number 10's on to a couple of boots that were far above anything seen earlier in the game.

Alberta Travels on Ground

The fact that the Bears scored 17 first downs to 2 for the visitors just about shows the how of it. First major of the game came early in the second quarter after Bob Freeze had planted the pigskin on Huskies 5 yard line late in the first. Ingram cracked off tackle for the big 5 points. The convert was blocked.

The third quarter passed scoreless with neither team threatening. Then well on into the fourth came Billy Ingram scored the sixth point in a beautiful 65 yard boot from midfield. Then a few plays later he repeated with another kick that rolled to the deadline. These were two of the longest kicks seen in these parts quite a while. Bruce MacKay couldn't have done any better.

Bears Take to the Air

In the last part of the fourth the Bears went upstairs in no small way, and finally Mickey Hajash dropped the pellet into end Bert Hall's waiting arms for the second big score of the game. Hajash kicked the convert.

Huskie standouts were Potts, Monclar, Shore, Onisko and McFadyen. The Huskie line definitely didn't lack much, and the whole team certainly didn't lack fight. Working under a heavy point lead and behind the eight-ball in no small way, they never stopped trying. Coach Phillips had the foundation for a sound squad.

Timing of Team Off

On the whole, the Alberta team didn't play as good ball against Saskatchewan as against B.C. Lack of outdoor practice, due to snow, showed up as their timing was just a little off. Early winter can kill any good team even more effectively than can an opposing squad.

Carrying the ball for the green and gold football aggregation were Bob Freeze, never more elusive than last Saturday; Mickey Hajash, who insists on carrying the ball on his wrong arm; and Bill Ingram, a nifty booter in any league. Also showing in the backfield was quarterback Jack Perry, big blonde Paddy Westcott, swivel hips Nori Nishio, and Rick Hyslop. Rick, by the way, cracked a bone in his arm early in the game, but went back in there before he found out about it.

Green and Gold Line Good

The Golden Bears are a good team, and what makes them good is their line. A better line hasn't been seen in these parts in the last decade. Coach Van Vliet has moulded a front wall that could be a model for all.

Assault-At-Arms Planned For Jan.

Training for the spring assault-at-arms is beginning on Tuesday under the coaching of Howard Freedman, graduate Agriculture student, and Dick Kroening, third year Pharmacy. Wrestlers are urged to turn out Tuesday and Thursday at 4 p.m.

Tumbling will continue at the same time under the guidance of Bob Rutledge, with a view to a possible tumbling display at the assault-at-arms.

Ramsay's for Service and Quality

CORSAGES . . .

Exquisitely fashioned of Roses, Carnations and Gardenias

WALTER RAMSAY, LIMITED
10324 Jasper Ave. Phone 23488

Senior Basketball

During the absence of M. Van Vliet, Del Steed is putting the U. of A. Golden Bears through their paces. With the addition of several freshmen to the squad, the team is something of a dark horse. However, they're going through their practice paces with plenty of verve and accuracy. Del figures they'll stack up nicely against the U.S. Clippers on Friday night.

The starting lineup Friday will be composed of Jim MacRae and Don Steed as guards; Phil Proctor at centre, and Bill Hansen and Bill Price playing forward. The team will also carry Reed Payne, Eric Geddes, Gordon McCormack, Bob Struthers, Nori Nishio, Sammy Sheeter, Eldon Edwards and Jack Reid. Del Steed figures to coach from the bench in this opening contest.

MacRae, Price and McCormack were members of the classy Victoria High School team of last season. Payne, Proctor and Don Steed are holdovers from the sensational Varsity aggregation of last season. Hansen, Struthers and Edwards last played their basketball in the armed services, and this trio really look good. Nori Nishio is better known as a Varsity backfielder, but looks like a comer on the basketball floor. Jack Reid played basketball with Olds School of Agriculture Aggies last season.

This first game against the U.S. Clippers will be played in the Drill Hall, commencing at 7:30 p.m. Friday, Nov. 9. The team warrants the support of every basketball minded fan at the U. of A. Don't let them down.

Girls' Interfac.

Interest in a Girls' Intramural Basketball League appeared definitely lacking after last Monday's attempt at organization. Despite the efforts of Vera Hole, manager of woman's intramural basketball this year, only thirteen girls turned out, and only one faculty, Education, was able to put a complete team on the floor. This, at a meeting held for the formation of faculty teams.

Such lack of interest makes it exceptionally difficult for the league heads to organize a schedule of games which will give those who want it the opportunity to play basketball without spending the time required by the senior team. It is, therefore, felt that an urgent appeal should be made to all who can, or would like to play intramural basketball.

The third quarter passed scoreless with neither team threatening. Then well on into the fourth came Billy Ingram scored the sixth point in a beautiful 65 yard boot from midfield. Then a few plays later he repeated with another kick that rolled to the deadline. These were two of the longest kicks seen in these parts quite a while. Bruce MacKay couldn't have done any better.

Next meeting will be in Athabasca gym on Monday, Nov. 12, at 4:00 p.m. Provided a sufficient number of interested girls turn out, faculty teams will be chosen and league play, with points to go toward the Rose Bowl, emblematic of girls' intramural supremacy, commenced immediately.

future front men. They were the margin between victory and possible defeat.

Time after time Ken Nickerson, Art Follett, Jack Allen, Lloyd Miller and others on the line would be in fast to break up or hurry the opposing team's plays. At centre, Art Howard performed a flawless job of tossing back the pellet. One would go a long, long way to find a better snap back.

On the ends, Rae Sutherland, Murray Smith, and Bert Hall were performing like veterans of many a ball game. It is hard to give credit where due to the line because so often their play is overshadowed by that of the backfielders, but our Bears wouldn't be what they are if it wasn't for one of the best lines ever put together on this campus.

LINEUPS:

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA — Ends, Sutherland, Smith; middles, Nickerson, Miller; insides, Allen, Follett, centre, Howard; fullback, Hajash; halfbacks, Ingram, Freeze, Westcott; quarterback, Perry. Subs: Kuryle, Boyce, Mills, Sawchuk, Gilchrist, Hyslop, Hall, Wiggin, Proctor.

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN — Ends, Molnar, Gardner; middles, Kemp, Ellard; insides, Monaghan, Fitzgerald; centre, J. Haver; fullback, Ward; halfbacks, Katz, Shore, Ross; quarterback, S. Haver, Ross, Eley, Foskett, Onisko, McMillan, Lewis, Potts, Petuk, C. Haver, McFadyen, Marchant, Harvey, Larson.

Officials: R. Moon, J. Pyper.

First Quarter — No scoring.

Second Quarter — Alberta, touchdown (Ingram), 1 point.

Third Quarter — No scoring.

Fourth Quarter — Alberta, kick to dead-line (Ingram), 1 point; Alberta, kick to deadline (Ingram), 1 point; Alberta, touchdown (Hall), 5 points; Alberta, convert (Hajash), 1 point.

CURLERS, ATTENTION!

Lists for prospective curlers are still on the bulletin boards. At writing, 149 students had already signed up to wield the broom at the Granite Curling Club. Present plans call for two games a week between 4:30 and 6:00. An organizational meeting will be held shortly.

DR. HAL RICHARDS

The Y.M.C.A. Toilers of the Edmonton Basketball League are to be coached by Dr. Hal Richards, a basketball-footballer of note at the University of Alberta a little under a dozen years ago.

DR. HAL RICHARDS

The Golden Bears are still a great team. Whether they'll come back from the coast with the Hardy Trophy still in their possession will be decided on Saturday. Coach Van Vliet has built up a smoothly coached, hard-hitting squad with a fine backfield, and above all a superb line, for his backfield to operate behind. Good luck, Bears, in tomorrow's game against the University of British Columbia Thunderbirds; may you be victorious.

* * * *

Plaudits are in order for the reception and program arranged for the Saskatchewan Huskies. After the time we gave the Thunderbirds, the change over was rather startling. We are sure that every one of the Huskies enjoyed this weekend at Alberta. What more could have been done for the boys, we don't know.

Main items on the program were a banquet at the Cafeteria on Saturday night, at which the respective coaches paid their respects to each other's teams; the House Dance, at which the Huskies howled with supplied dates; and an afternoon reception in Athabasca lounge on Sunday. Sunday evening the various fraternities took over to entertain the visitors. Mark up one for Alberta.

* * * *

The Senior Pandas and Senior Golden Bears basketball squads have hit the floors. Your support is urged for all games. Strong teams are always backed by strong supporters. Watch the bulletin boards for game announcements.

* * * *

The party's on . . . Have a Coca-Cola

* * * *

... or "Happy Birthday" to you

One way to make certain that events live up to expectations is to

make guests feel at home with delicious ice-cold Coca-Cola right

out of the refrigerator. There's no better way to say So glad you

came than to welcome them with that bid to hospitality, Have a Coke.

Coca-Cola Company of Canada, Limited, Edmonton

Clarkson Churns Turf of B.C. Stadium As Thunderbirds Score 19-3 Victory

M.A.B. Meeting

A week ago today (Friday) the Men's Athletic Board met in the Senate Chamber to discuss pertinent facts with regard to campus athletics.

Most important point covered was with regard to University students playing in overtown leagues. After a lengthy discussion, the Board passed a rule that no student could play overtown as long as a Varsity team was offered in the same sport. However, if the coach of any Varsity team does not require the services of the athlete, he or she may re-apply for the Board's permission to play outside the University.

Basketball Coach Needed

A coaching problem was discussed with regard to the junior Golden Bear basketball squad. This team has no coach at present, and anyone wishing to take on the position is urged to do so.

A new intramural athletic setup was also discussed. Under this setup a minimum of 16 teams would compete in any male sport, with the teams representing much smaller groups of students than under the present system of Interfaculty sports.

Fraternities, residences, etc., would each enter a team. Final decision on setting up such a scheme will not be made until after Christmas.

Next M.A.B. meeting will be early in December.

Coach Appointed

Newly appointed coach of the Senior Golden Bear hockey squad is Andy (Shorts) Purcell. This fact was announced Wednesday by Barts Dimock, president of hockey. Shorts is a senior hockey player who showed considerable skill not so many years back in local circles. He is also former city tennis champion.

As successor to Stan Moher, Andy Purcell, highly recommended by Stan, takes over in the first year of the revival of Intervarsity hockey. It will be his tough job to rebuild the hockey team to the heights it had reached in pre-war years.

Men's Interfac.

Interfaculty basketball will only last until Christmas this year. Director of Men's Athletics Prof. Maury Van Vliet has suggested that with the large freshman enrollment it is possible that there will be more than twice as many men in some faculties as are needed to form a team. For this reason, it has been decided to form an intramural league after Christmas.

The Drill Hall has been reserved from 7:00 o'clock on Tuesday and Thursdays. Practices will be held individually by each faculty. The game schedule is posted on the bulletin board, just inside the northwest door of the Drill Hall.

Get out and support your faculty.

Sporting Goods, Trunks, Bags, Suit Cases, Musical Instruments

All moderately priced

Uncle Ben's Exchange

Located near the Rialto Theatre

Est. 1912 Phone 22057

Johnson's Cafe

Corner 1